

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2298

and **BYSTANDER**

London
July 11, 1945



By Appointment

Cerebos

Salt of quality

**M'VITIE
&
PRICE**

Biscuits of Highest Quality

ASK FOR
**NICHOLSON'S
GIN**

The Purest Spirit made



By Appointment
to the late King George V

**PARIPAN
ENAMEL**

"The more you wash it, the better it looks"

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**



Grand Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
LEITH - SCOTLAND

*The Aristocrat
of Liqueurs*
Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
TONIC WATER
LEMONADE

*Wishful drinking
for the time being*

For sweet breath

and pearly teeth-use

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE LTD.

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET

LONDON, S.W.1



FOR A SKIN THAT IS
LOVELY TO LOOK AT

You're not being fair to your skin if you're not keeping it really clean. Soap and water washing is not enough. There are hidden impurities that need to be cleared away *regularly* if your skin is to remain clear, healthy and naturally attractive. That's why, every time you make up, and before you go to bed, you should carry out my Skin Beauty Routine.

FOLLOW MY *Skin Beauty* ROUTINE

★ Thoroughly deep cleanse the skin pores by firm upward and outward strokes with cotton wool soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in lukewarm water. Dry on soft towel.

★★★ Now make up—using Anne French Cleansing Milk as a powder base if you like. During the day, when using it as a skin freshener, you need not wash your face.

Anne French CLEANSING MILK

I MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR SHORT SUPPLIES. My insistence on limiting supplies to the available quantities of the fine ingredients that have always gone to the making of 'Anne French' Cleansing Milk, means it is rather more difficult to get than usual; but I know you'll agree—for your skin's sake—it's worth searching for. Price 2/6d. including Purchase Tax.

2/5, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



AGENTS IN
WEST END
AND PROVINCES

Enquiries (Wholesale only):
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON, W.1



Nicolls of Regent Street
120 Regent Street London W.1 Tel. Regent 19

Whenever I see

hands in a stocking

I think:

"Ah—

Aristoc!"



Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



JB
Foundations
and
GOTHIC
brassieres
247 REGENT ST.
LONDON, W. 1

Smartly dressed women are unanimous in their opinion that JB Foundations and Gothic brassieres are the most flattering of all foundation garments, no matter what the occasion

They flatter because they fit

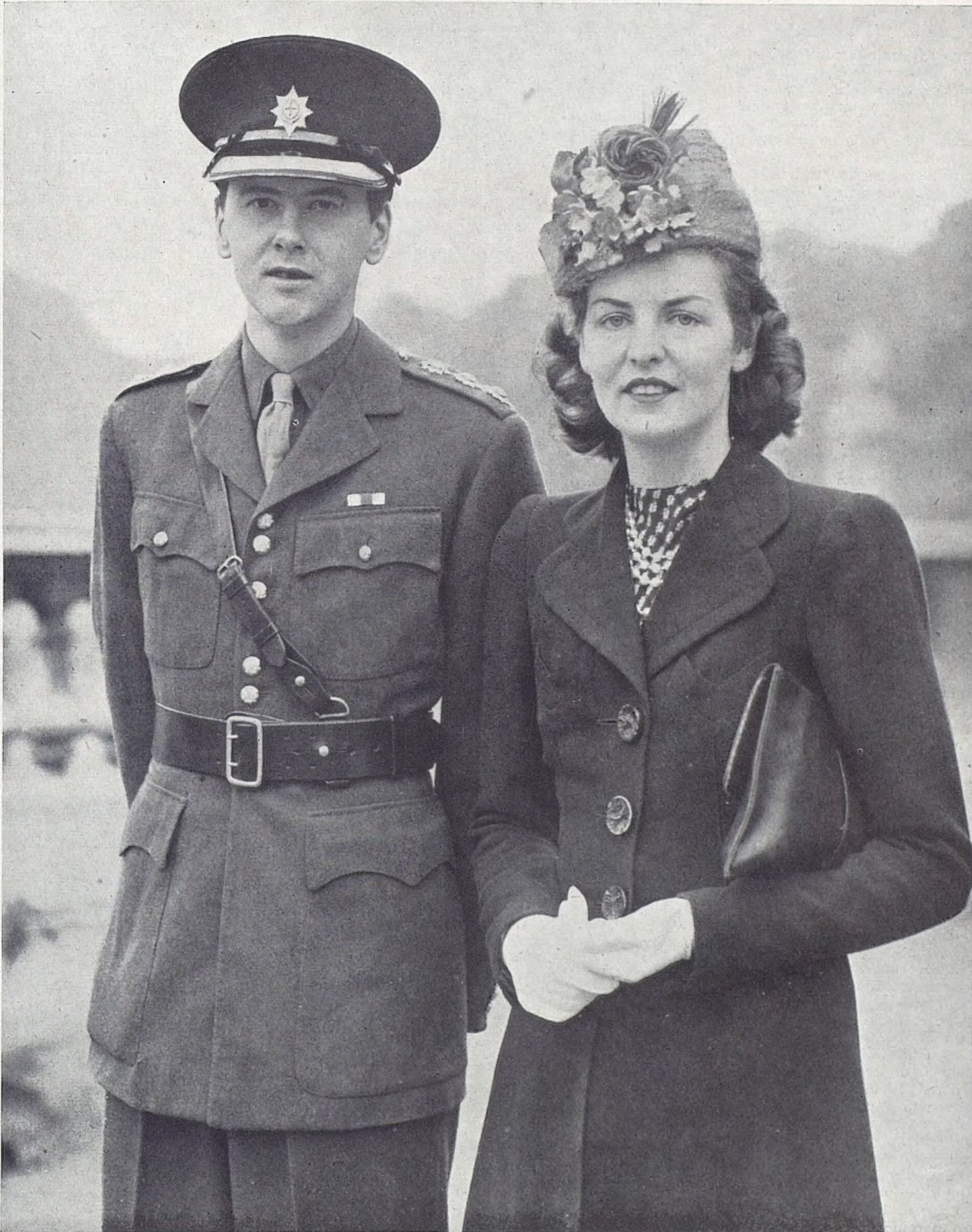
THE TATLER

LONDON
JULY 11, 1945

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2298



In the Family Tradition: Lord Andrew Cavendish

In standing as Conservative candidate for the Chesterfield Division of Derbyshire, Lord Andrew Cavendish is maintaining a family tradition. His father, the Duke of Devonshire, sat in the House as Member for the West Division from 1923 to 1938, following in the footsteps of his father, who represented the same constituency from 1891 to 1908. Lord Andrew Cavendish returned from Italy in order to fight the Election and during his campaign came down to Buckingham Palace to receive the M.C. from the King. Twenty-five years old, he married the Hon. Deborah Freeman-Mitford, a daughter of Lord Redesdale, in 1941. They have two children, a daughter, Emma, born in 1943, and a son, born in May last year. Lord Andrew Cavendish's only brother, the Marquis of Hartington, was killed in action in Normandy last year.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By Simon Harcourt-Smith



Cloud Cuckoo-Land

POSSIBLY it is my early training; but for me the vagueness of all parties on foreign policy lends to the General Election a curiously dreamlike air. Housing, full employment, nationalization or private enterprise—only a fool would deny the majesty of such issues. Yet if we cannot scotch the dangers once more sprouting in Europe, what hope may we nurse of a green and pleasant land. Maddening thought though it may be, your social reformer can exist only if the diplomat is properly empowered to protect him from war. And yet who in England this week spares a thought for our diplomacy? Our great ones dispose of the inconvenient issue in a few sonorous platitudes. And for all that the Election is being fought with a passion rare in our modern history.

Assault on the Citadels

CONSERVATIVES and Socialists furiously besiege each other's stoutest citadels. But three unopposed returns against some fifty last time. Among my own acquaintance, for instance, I should have thought it a vain enough business to try to tumble Georgie Buchanan from his seat high above the sombre, spirited alleys of Gorbals.

Here surely is one of the most amiable figures from the late Parliament. Rare compassion behind a cynical wit, a charm and force of expression that goes far to explain the sway his countryman, the historian David Hume, established over the great ladies of Paris two centuries ago. Georgie Buchanan's kindness to me on one occasion in Glasgow during the war was memorable. But apart from that kindness, it was worth long trambuses through the wet Stygian streets to hear him talk, talk so wholeheartedly. Who could notice the ash dropping lava-like on to his waistcoat from an unending procession of cigarettes?

Weymouth

HUGH MOLSON at the High Peak, and Hinchinbroke amid the Georgian elegancies of South Dorset, two of our leading Tory reformers, unopposed last election, find themselves challenged this time. On non-political grounds I can understand any one of sensibility coveting Hinchinbroke's constituency. The quilted hills, the villages with their curious names, and finally Weymouth itself, whose graceful terraces still evoke for me, at least, George III's bathing-machine, and the royal invasion of a subject sea, to the strains of "Rule, Britannia."

The searer I get, the less severe my estimate of "Farmer George." Against the American catastrophe—for which as we now know a Tory squirearchy must also be blamed—we can set the King's part in forming the splendid collection of "Old Master" drawings at Windsor, which Dr. van Puyvelde, Director of the Brussels Galerie Royale has been lovingly and learnedly investigating during his exile here. Then, George it was who gave his first chance to that great architect, Sir William Chambers, and who forced the English to turn Handel's music into a national treasure. The old monarch's end, with Biblical beard and nightgown, roaming the corridors of Windsor and stopping now and then to play a snatch of his beloved music on one of the innumerable organs, brings to life for us some prophetic drawing by William Blake. . . .

Durham

AT Chester-le-Street Tony Lambton battles in the Conservative interest against J. J. Lawson's majority of 17,000; while at Seaham, in the same county, Maurice Macmillan challenges the dominion of the great Emanuel Shinwell, even more formidably entrenched. In these perhaps forlorn contests lies an element of fantasy highly suited to the dramatic genius of Co. Durham—the cathedral, surely the most splendid in England, admonishing from its rock, the quiet green valleys, and then cheek by jowl, some stern pit village along the road while the slag heaps threaten a blackened Palladian mansion.

Although my heart and general inclinations lie far this side of the Humber, I sometimes understand what that great architect and dramatist, Sir John Vanbrugh, meant when he said that north of York there were "many more Valluable and Agreeable things and Places to be seen, than in the Tame, Sneaking South of England."

Seaton Delaval

AND the romantic desolation of which I speak reaches its height in that masterpiece of Vanbrugh's, Seaton Delaval, a little to the north near the Northumbrian coast. Built for an admiral who had caught a Spanish treasure fleet during the



John Buchan's Son Decorated

The present Lord Tweedsmuir is the son of the first Baron, who was Governor-General of Canada, and also well known to the public as the famous writer, John Buchan. Lord Tweedsmuir is seen at the Palace after receiving the O.B.E.

Marlborough wars, this vast stone fantasy long sheltered the wildness and beauty of the Admiral's descendants. But at last the Delavals, with their talents, their charm and their drunkenness, died out. The palace—for it was little less—was almost gutted by fire, and now lingers on, blackened but superb pensioner of Lord Hastings.

Miners' cottages advance up the noble drive, allotment cabbages sprout round the leaden group of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf. Once when I went there, the hush of a promising storm filled the air. No sound but the cooing of doves among the Casars in the heroic hall; no whisper of the jackdaws whose chimneyed nests caused the fire long ago. Great purple clouds rising out of the North Sea joined with the huge rusticated Doric of the front to transport me into the world of Salvador Rosa. Then I heard a faint blare of music, infinitely solemn. It grew louder; round the bend slow-marched a miners' band, drum, trombones, bugle, all crepe-veiled, the head of a cortege coming to bury a dead comrade in the forlorn cemetery of the Delavals. . . .

Here, thanks to the Industrial Revolution, was surely a heightening of that very romantic effect which Vanbrugh always made his main purpose.

King Leopold

As I write, King Leopold still balances his fate, though the chances of an abdication seem to be

growing. It is always a sad business, as we know well enough, when a country and its monarch part company. But for a number of Belgian politicians the unfortunate affair must yet possess certain subconscious consolations—flights to one of the world's most graceful towns, the sensation of feeling oneself what the French call "fat with importance."

It is curious to think of the handsome young King (if he still be King when this appears) becoming the object of so much heart-burning. When I was living in Belgium, just before the war, he enjoyed that strange sort of popularity, at once frenzied and decorous, which constitutional monarchies reserve for widowed rulers in retirement. His position, in short, bore some analogy to Queen Victoria's immediately after the Prince Consort's death. King Leopold rarely quitted the shelter of the Palace, or the company of Henry de Maistre and the rotund officers of the royal "cabinet militaire." These men were his evil genius. But when he did condescend to appear in public, one's English ears were surprised and charmed by the ripple of "vive le roi, vive le roi" which would disturb even the most elegant and glittering assembly.

Yet his popularity, which could leave no lover of Belgium unmoved, depended upon his remaining the inconsolable widower of Queen Astrid. What ever now be said, the Belgian people did not boggle at his staying behind, a prisoner at Laeken, while his Cabinet heroically continued the struggle from London. What upset them was his second marriage. The earliest great cinema star, Francis X. Bushman, was ruined within three weeks of admitting he had a wife. Millions of lovesick women took his marriage as a personal betrayal. So did the Belgian people jibe at the buxom Mademoiselle Baelis.

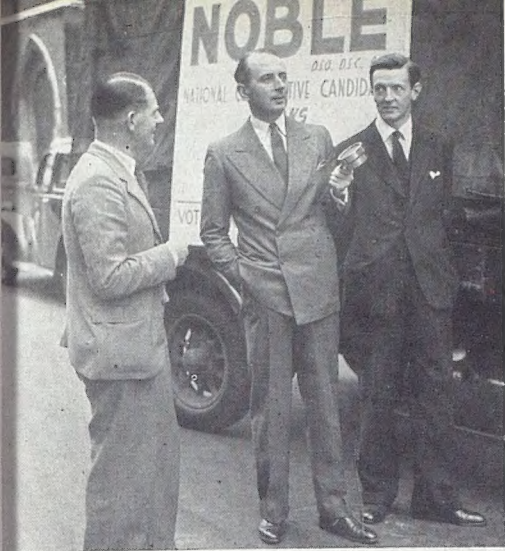
Wurzburg

I AM horrified to hear rumours that the Residenz at Wurzburg was destroyed during the stubborn resistance put up by the enemy to the capture of that lovely city. The Residenz, with its superb



Two Airborne Generals

Leaving the Palace together were Maj.-Gen. F. L. Byles, C.B., D.S.O. and bar (right), who commanded the 6th Airborne Division which landed first from the skies on D-Day, and Brigadier Bellamy. D.S.O.



To Replace V.C. in Chelsea

Cdr. Allan H. P. Noble, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., has been chosen to replace Capt. William P. Sidney, who has been elevated to the peerage by the death of his father, Lord De L'isle and Dudley. (Above) Cdr. Noble (centre) with Mr. A. F. Crouch and Lord De L'isle



Hay Wrightson

A Double-Member Constituency

Captain Julian Amery and Major Randolph Churchill are standing together for Preston, which is a double-member constituency. If they are elected the partnership will have to be dissolved after the next parliament, as such constituencies are to be eventually abolished

Tiepolo ceilings, its Commedia dell' Arte tapestries and the ravishing Spiegelzimmer, was one of Europe's wonders, a possession as international as Mozart's music. I earnestly hope the report is untrue. It is bad enough to know we have almost certainly lost the Amalienburg, outside Munich, a pavilion where the decorator's art rose to a height of poetry attained perhaps nowhere else save in the Palazzo del Té, near Mantua, which is, I understand, intact. If any reader in the Forces could tell me what really has happened at Wurzburg, I should be infinitely grateful.

Papier-Mache Jungle

HAVING occasion to be in Denham the other day, I found myself plunged into an African jungle, but a jungle much more agreeable than the real African jungle, which, at my slight encounter with it, seemed to me a poor, ragged affair compared to the orchid-dropping majesty of Eastern forests. This Denham jungle has been created for *Men Of Two Worlds*, a film which John Sutro is producing about modern British administrators in Africa

and their relations with the inhabitants. Large parts of the picture have been filmed in Africa. It promises to be of the highest quality.

Meanwhile I am fascinated by the paraphernalia of the jungle itself, the slightly Rackhamish trees, fashioned out of papier-mache on a wooden frame and clothed with evergreen branches. The prestidigitation of the workmen in a modern film studio is no less fabulous than the sleight of hand shown by Italian scene-painters two centuries ago, who could create the illusion of whole cities with a few pots of paint and a piece of tattered canvas.

Sphinxes to Egypt

WHILE we are on the subject of films, I must express my affectionate admiration for the great foreign director who wished to shoot, on Egyptian soil, certain shots of a film about Ancient Egypt. Just when he was about to leave he learned that no sphinx in Egypt was quite identical with the sphinxes made here for the studio "shots." The director therefore decided to take his own sphinxes with him. Then the colour experts dis-

covered the Egyptian sand was not exactly the same shade as the sand they had been using here. So now they have transported tons of their own sand to the valley of the Nile.

Edda Ciano

PROPOS of what I wrote last week, I now hear Edda Ciano possesses her husband's secret diary, and is hoping to make a fortune out of its publication in America.

A Permanent Salute

I WAS charmed by the true story of an elderly turncoat of a Florentine duchess. The most Fascist of all in Fascist days, the most collaborationist during the German occupation, she welcomed the Allies with open house. The enraged Florentines plotted revenge. The other day an opportunity came. She fell and broke her right arm. The surgeon set it in plaster, in a permanent Fascist salute.



Brodrick Vernon

To Stand for West Lothian

The Conservative candidate for West Lothian is Lt.-Col. Rupert Speir, who has been working as a G.S.O.I. at the War Office for the past two years. His father, Lt.-Col. Guy Speir, of The Abbey, North Berwick, was private secretary to three successive Secretaries of State for Scotland



Brigadier Joseph Poett, D.S.O., brought his wife with him, and his small daughter Joanna, and son Simon, who was standing smartly to attention for the camera



Three smiling people were Major R. A. Smith, who had just received the M.C., and was wearing the double Sam Browne of the Ox and Bucks Light Infantry, with his brother, and his wife who was in VAD uniform



H.M. the King decorated 114 officers and men of the 6th Airborne Division at Buckingham Palace. Among them was Major John C. S. G. de Longueuil, M.C., who is seen after the ceremony with his mother and sister

A Recent Investiture: Decorations for the Men who Landed First from the Skies on D-Day

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Sillier and Sillier

By James Agate

My gifted colleague, Miss Lejeune, has been asking her readers to tell her which, in their opinion, are the ten most remarkable moments on the screen. I propose, in a virtually barren week, to invite readers to contemplate what in my view are the cinema's ten worst plots.

(1) The High School girl who on Prize-giving Day at Vermont gives so brilliant a performance of Jo in *Little Women* that Hans Puffheim, a leading New York actor who happens to be in the audience, engages her as his Lady Macbeth, in which part she wipes him off the stage at the dress rehearsal but refrains from doing so on the first night proper because in the interval she has fallen in love with him.

(2) The young girl who, heard in Memphis singing Schubert's "Ave Maria" by the director of the Boston Opera House passing beneath her window, makes her début in Boston a fortnight later as the Queen of Night, screams her head off in a tour of *Gilda* and *Rosina*, *Madame Butterfly* and *Isolda*, and finally dies of a broken blood-vessel in Cincinnati and the arms of the second flautist.

(3) The young Russian land girl who, being passionately fond of music and having listened to her favourite conductor Polikoffsky on the wireless, goes for a holiday to Moscow, and entering the Lensky Hall in the middle of a rehearsal persuades Polikoffsky to hear her play the Tschaikowsky piano concerto which she has learned by ear. This proves so marvellous a performance that the orchestra forgoes its lunch and Polikoffsky puts off Arkadia Sosselina, the great pianist who was to have played the concerto that evening, in order that his new-found genius may perform it in her stead. Her success is instantaneous, Polikoffsky proposes to her, and is accepted two minutes after the last bar.

(4) The girl who, because her mother was a distinguished aviatrix, has so much grit that, disguised as a jockey, she wins the Derby by a short neck.

(5) The young girl from Tahlequah who,

disguised as her brother out of action through accident, wins the baseball match for Harvard against Yale. Her sex is discovered only when, having hurled herself at first base or some place, her nail-varnish gives her away.

(6) The young man from Sandhurst who, by sheer pluck and brain, outwits the pick of the German Army and the Gestapo, and, swinging himself on to the chandelier and hurling himself through the window, lands from the fifteenth floor and, although a little lame, walks the whole forty-six miles to a lonely creek where British bluejackets are waiting to row him to Whitehall where he triumphantly displays the blueprints of the new German rocket which he has for the last five months carried about with him concealed in the seat of his trousers.

(7) The young airman from Assiniboine who joins the R.A.F. Three times court-martialled for offences against the etiquette of the Mess, he makes for Honolulu where he crashes his plane on the deck of a Japanese battle-cruiser, with the result that the ship and the entire crew are blown to smithereens while he himself escapes. Recalled by the R.A.F., he is presented with the Robert Taylor Gold Medal.

(8) The South American heiress who falls in love with a penniless American engineer in Toboso and, pretending she has lost all her money, wins his affection. A treacherous friend, however, betrays the heiress's secret, and the engineer threatens to throw her over. In a moment of sublime sacrifice the heiress goes to the bank, draws all her money out in notes, tears them up and throws them into the sea. Whereupon Joel McCrea and Laraine Day are united.

(9) The roughrider from Chewaukon who has shot every one he meets for twenty years until he is tamed by a dusky maid whom he rescues from a leopard in the jungle. She reforms him and they bring up a family with much happiness. Later, however, her Indian lover reappears and goes off with her. She attempts to explain the situation but the roughrider



Waltz Time brings back the laughter, the romance, the music of old Vienna. It is the love story of the Empress Maria (Carol Raye) and her lover, Count Franz Von Hofer (Peter Graves). Webster Booth and Anne Ziegler appear as Gipsy Troubadours, Albert Sandler contributes his well-loved music and Harry Welchman sings



The Doughgirls tells the story of three newly married couples in the Bedlam of present-day Washington, where the bridal suite is invaded at all hours by weary-eyed men looking for somewhere to sleep. Alexis Smith, Ann Sheridan and Jane Wyman are the three brides, Eve Arden the Russian girl sniper whose affairs are inexorably mixed up with the bridal suite



Diamond Horseshoe is a slick New York niterie. Here one of the star entertainers is Joe Davis, Snr., whose lifelong ambition is that his boy, Joe Davis, Jr., should be a doctor. Joe Jr. (Dick Haymes) leaves medical school in favour of a theatrical career and breaks his father's heart. At the *Diamond Horseshoe* he meets Bonnie Collins (Betty Grable) and falls in love. Joe Snr. does everything in his power to break up the romance but is unsuccessful. Bonnie, however, turns up trumps, persuades Joe Jr. to go back to his medical studies and all ends happily. (Above left: Betty Grable and Dick Haymes. Right: Betty Grable, Phil Silvers, Beatrice Kay)



Susan (Joan Fontaine) falls in love with a poet. She develops a "fine mind," wears low heels, mannish clothes, even spectacles. But the poet (Dennis O'Keefe) doesn't believe in marriage, doesn't even believe in kissing, so another infatuation goes a-glimmering



The Affairs of Susan has its premiere tomorrow night at the Plaza Theatre in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. It is a bright romantic comedy in which Joan Fontaine is given her first opportunity to show an excellent sense of comedy. As Susan, she falls in love with four men in succession, each one in complete contrast to the other. In the end she decides to be faithful to her first love and goes back to the successful Broadway producer (George Brent), who first found her and made her famous



Above: Richard (Walter Abel), air-plane manufacturer, finds in Susan an aristocratic woman with poise and charm

Left: Broadway play-producer Roger Berton (George Brent) discovers a naïve, unspoiled girl. He makes her a famous stage star



Right: To lumberman Mike (Done DeFore) Susan is just a fun-loving, sophisticated glamour girl

starts shooting every one all over again, and, just as his bride returns, has himself received a fatal shot. He dies forgiving her, accompanied by an angelic choir singing Negro spirituals.

(10) The young Czech who, unable to read or write, emigrates to America and marries a nice Slovenian girl. Soon after marriage he becomes addicted to sleep-walking and during his perambulations composes some very fine music, including a concerto, which is immediately performed by the Minneapolis Philharmonic Orchestra. His wife gets tired of his habits and leaves him for another, whereupon his sleep-walking fits instantaneously cease. Repentant she returns, and on the night of their reunion he walks to Denver in his sleep, and sitting down in a church, composes an entire three-act opera, complete with libretto, on the subject of John Huss. This is performed with *éclat* at Sadler's Wells and throws the musical critics of the London Sunday papers into such ecstasies

that they print their notices upside down.

No flight of imagination can compete with the hard-bitten idiocy of actual films. Imagine the following situation. You are a thug and have in your power in a Bronx cellar a detective of enormous strength. But this detective is blind, wherefore he is always accompanied by an extremely powerful Alsatian wolfhound. So there he is in the cellar under lock and key, accompanied by his dog Friday. The cellar contains a bed and a wardrobe. Presently the detective is heard saying plaintively through the door: "Friday is thirsty." (I pray that the Fates are kind to me and that I am not made to say "Friday is Thursday.") The detective goes on: "Surely you wouldn't have a dog whine for water? Please bring poor Dog Friday something to drink." Whereupon you, being a good-natured kind of thug, get some water and take it into the cellar, and at once the dog

takes a flying leap from the top of the wardrobe and buries his fangs in your throat. Now the blind detective takes the key of a second cellar from your pocket and liberates his personal bodyguard, first disposing of his warder by a kick in the lowest waistcoat-button—the fact that he is totally blind being no bar to trivial feats of this description. Whereupon the Young Things in whose honour all this has been happening, fall into each other's arms. The detective flicks a spot of dust from his shirt-cuff, which has been slightly soiled during an all-in wrestling match, including a couple of falls through plate-glass windows and a set of Venetian blinds, and asks whether his sapient brow does not get a kiss from the bride-to-be. I could almost swear that I saw that good actor Edward Arnold blush at the incredible things he had to act, do and perform. The name of the thing is *The Hidden Eye*. It is on view, incredibly, at the Empire.

The Theatre

"Sweet Yesterday" (Adelphi)

AMUSICAL romance does well to be shamelessly romantic. Nobody will complain because the hero of this piece not only delivers French Royalists from Napoleon's prisons after the manner of the Scarlet Pimpernel in the days of the Revolution, but is also

how we will do it." The result is that though there is a great deal of colour and movement, and the situations are conventionally correct, the piece is somehow unpersuasive. Its scenes are as derivative as the music. But as the evening goes on the narrative seems to gain a



The vivacious but garrulous Madame Sans-Gêne (Doris Hare) is suspected of treason by the crafty Chief of Police, Monsieur de Vigny (Hugh Miller), who discusses her spirited indiscretions with his aide, Cabouchon (Mark Daly), an amiable buffoon

the spy who made Trafalgar possible and has himself an affair of the heart which brings him in fine operatic style to a lonely grave on a foreign shore. What is still better, his opposite number, the Chief of Police, whose business it is to unmask Scarlet Pimpernels, make Trafalgars impossible and see that recalcitrant Royalists do not slip across the Channel, is no fool. Though outwitted in all that matters he takes a diabolically cunning revenge and in defeat preserves his sinister dignity. Best of all, these characters are played by Mr. Reginald Tate and Mr. Hugh Miller. It is true that both of them are actors who ought not to be wasted on musical romance, but addicts will leave others to complain about that. It will be enough for them that when the synthetic brilliance of the spectacle fades and the cape-and-sword story has the stage, Mr. Tate and Mr. Miller see that it goes with dash and grace.

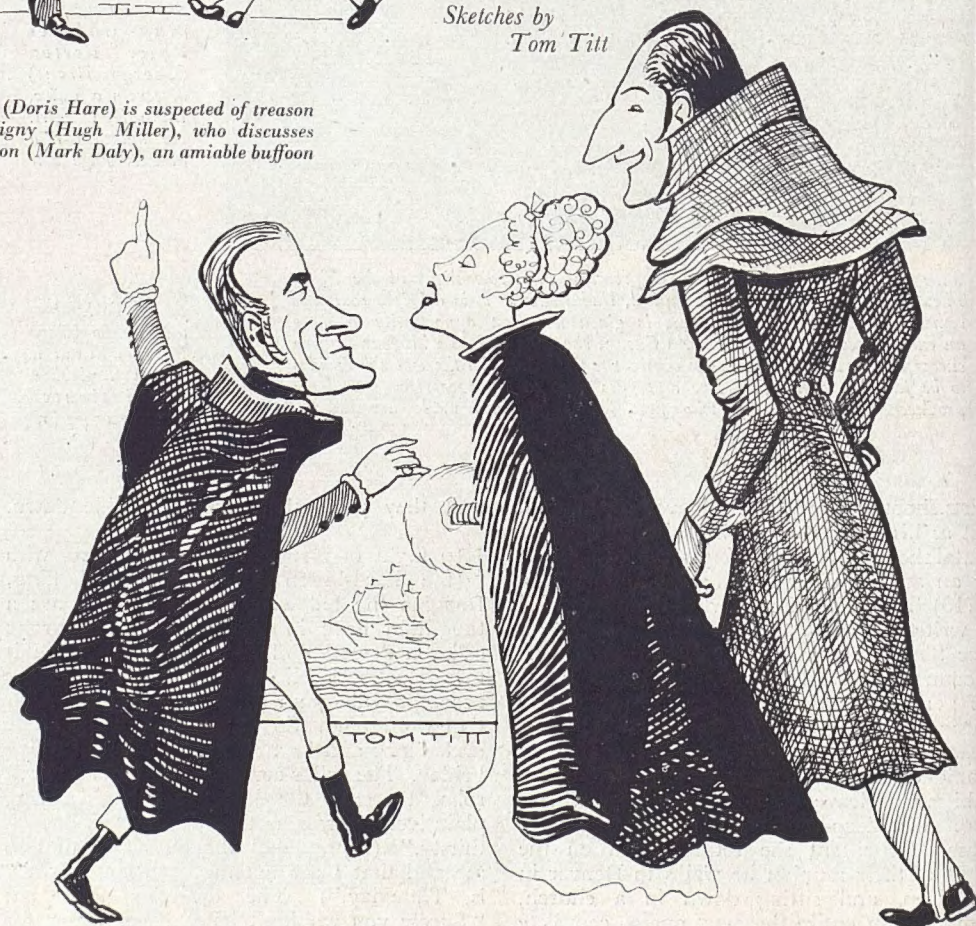
YET all is not, or was not on the first night, what musical romance should be. There is an almost amateurish note of hollowness about the first act, as though the makers of the piece had said to themselves: "Napoleonic romance—French peasant girls in bright national costumes dancing on the quayside at Calais with important English agents slipping through—scenes of revelry at Madame Sans-Gêne's house in Paris, the Scarlet Pimpernel bandying politeness with the darkly handsome Chief of Police—yes, we remember very well how this sort of thing has always been done, and that is

new crispness, the prison scene in which the indiscreet young Royalist officer is rescued by the Scarlet Pimpernel of the piece is undoubtedly effective and one is surprised by and grateful for dances which have a grace all their own. From the outset of the second act until the end the producer, who is Mr. Jack Hulbert, seems to take increasingly firm control. He may by this time have revised the movement of the first act; in which case the show could be recommended with few reservations.

FOR many its principal claim will be that the leading singers are Miss Anne Ziegler and Mr. Webster Booth. She is the young Frenchwoman somewhat tenderly disposed to the Scarlet Pimpernel-ish Sir John, who has come to France in disguise partly for a wager (he's a devil-may-care true British baronet), partly to do a little spying for Pitt and partly in the hope of meeting the lady again. But the lady comes in the end to prefer her Captain Edouard Labouchere, who, though made rather a fool of by the plot, has the singing voice of Mr. Booth, whereas Mr. Tate does not venture to sing at all. Accordingly, it is Mr. Tate who is left behind on the quayside, and if he cannot sing a nobly renunciatory song as his rival might have done had things gone differently, he can at least die magnificently. Miss Doris Hare has a good deal to do with the plot. She is Madame Sans-Gêne, Napoleon's witty washerwoman, but since she is not once allowed to be witty but is constantly facetious in broad music-hall style, she has the odd effect of seeming to be a cheerful parody of all the grandiosities going on around her. Mr. Mark Daly is in league with the sinister Chief of Police, but that is only the producer's fault. There is nothing sinister in his make up and he sings one or two capital comic songs in the mellow style of old Daly's.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Sir John Manders (Reginald Tate), a gentleman of gallantry and magnificent cloaks, gives his life so that heroine, Louise Varennes (Anne Ziegler), and hero, Captain Edouard Labouchere (Webster Booth) can sing their way to England and safety

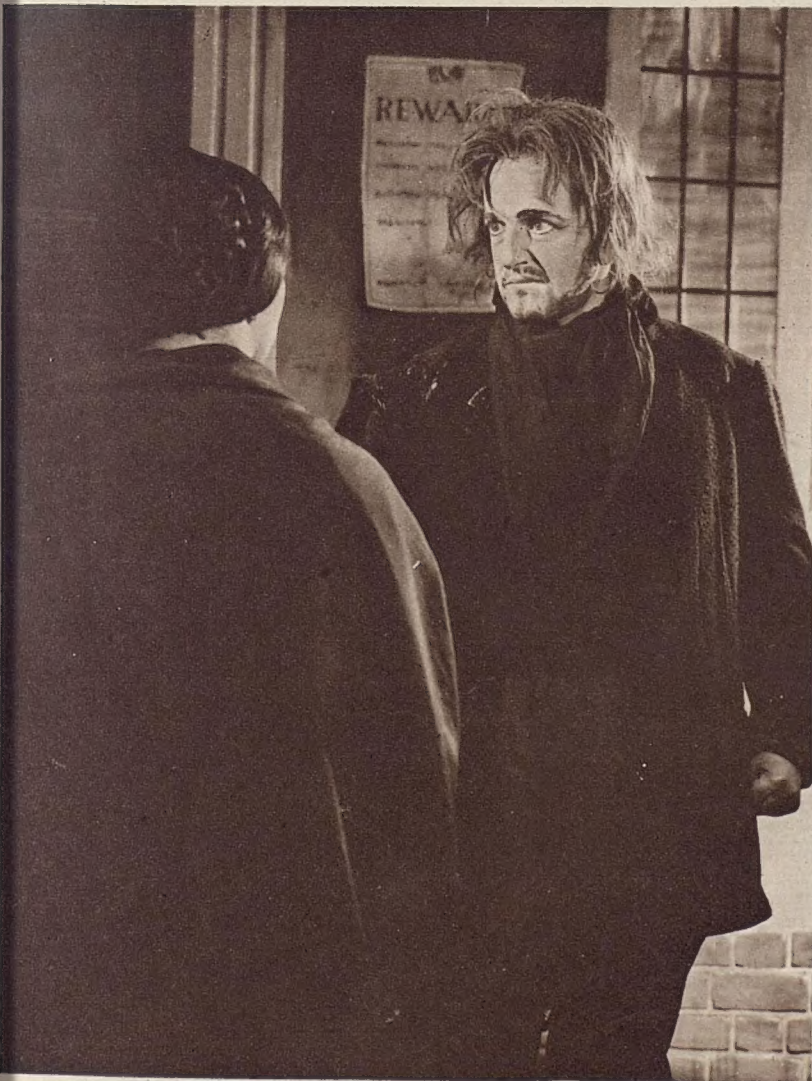
"Peter Grimes"

Benjamin Britten's Dramatic Opera of Life
in a Suffolk Fishing Village



Boles: "I want her, I want her"

Bob Boles, a Methodist fisherman, makes drunken advances to one of the innkeeper's nieces, at the inn where the fisherfolk are all carousing. (Roderick Jones, Morgan Jones, Blanche Turner and Minnie Bower)



Grimes: "So be it, and may God have mercy upon me!"
In ungovernable rage because Ellen, whom he loves, has criticised him for being cruel to the new apprentice, Grimes strikes his only friend in the borough. (Peter Pears and Joan Cross)



*Ellen: "Let this be a holiday,
Full of peace and quietness"*

Ellen Orford, the borough schoolmistress, and Grimes's new boy apprentice whom she has befriended, sit listening to the voices of the congregation. (Joan Cross and Leonard Thompson)



Auntie: "My customers come here for peace,

Away from you and all such nuisances"

The malicious Mrs. Sedley calls at the inn, and demands that lawyer Swallow shall institute a hue and cry after Peter Grimes, for his ill-treatment of the boy, and of Ellen, much to the indignation of Auntie, who does not want her customers worried

● In all quarters Benjamin Britten's new opera has been acclaimed as a work of high originality and musical genius. With music of almost unparalleled dramatic intensity, it powerfully portrays life in a Suffolk fishing village in the nineteenth century. The leading character, Peter Grimes, a fanatical and sadistic fisherman, whose careless cruelty kills two of his apprentices, and eventually drives him to take his own life, is sung and acted magnificently by Peter Pears. Joan Cross sings with great tenderness as Ellen, the borough schoolmistress, and Kenneth Green's scenery and costumes add much to the dramatic effect. This brilliant new addition to British opera is produced by Eric Crozier



Cocktails, Cigarettes and Conversation in Two London Restaurants

A party of four who had finished their dinner at the Mirabell were Lt. Philippe Jean Victor, Mrs. J. A. Critchley, who is the wife of G/Capt. Critchley, Mr. H. Gabriel and Lady Keith Fraser



Capt. James Bowes-Lyon was offering his wife a cigarette, while Miss Violet de Trafford found something to smile about at the Bagatelle. She and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon are sisters, and daughters of Sir Humphrey de Trafford

Swabe

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



H.M. Queen Mary at Painting Exhibition

H.M. Queen Mary was at a pre-view of the exhibition of thirty 17th-century Dutch masterpieces, which have just been brought back from safe keeping in various parts of the country. Also studying the pictures were Mr. Eugene Slater (left), the Dutch Ambassador and Professor Borenus



The Princesses at W.L.A. Rally

H.M. the Queen lately presented Service badges at the Women's Land Army rally. T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose were also at the rally, and were smiling very charmingly over something when this photograph was taken

At the Palace

THREE Investitures inside a week is something new even in the wartime annals of Buckingham Palace. The first was a normal Service Investiture, but the other two were of special interest, inasmuch as they were the result of promises given at different times by the King to General Browning, commander of the British Airborne forces, and to the Canadian military authorities—one that he would hold a separate Investiture for the men of the Sixth Airborne Division, who led the Allied invasion of Normandy a year ago, and the other that, as King of Canada, he would hold one or more all-Canadian Investitures. Military arrangements so worked out that the Airborne men were in London at the same time as the first Canadian function had been planned, so that the two Investitures were held on successive days.

St. Mary's Appeal

WHEN the Queen, as President of the Hospital, went to the centenary celebration meeting of St. Mary's, Paddington, she was accompanied by Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, a fact which the hospital authorities interpreted as underlining the practical interest which the Queen is taking in their appeal for two million pounds for the re-building and reconstruction of the great medical centre where penicillin was discovered.

Her Majesty displayed great interest in the scientific exhibits—including the original mould on which Sir Alexander Fleming made his epochal discovery—arranged at the hospital, and gave her full approval to the suggestion that the exhibition be sent round the country, to attract a wider public interest in the work of St. Mary's. Sir Alexander Fleming himself was not at the meeting. He is in America, where, according to Lord Moran, the Prime Minister's doctor, and Dean of the Medical School, he is receiving the highest honours that can be bestowed.

Scottish Wedding

THE marriage of Sir Donald and Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel's second son, Allan, to pretty Miss Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee, provided Edinburgh with its first full-dress, full-scale wedding since pre-war days.

It was an essentially Highland occasion, which not even the proverbial northern

"climatic"—this time in the form of a violent thunderstorm—could eclipse. Luckily the deluge held off until most of the guests had safely achieved the North British Hotel, at the opposite end of Prince's Street—where the reception was held. Many of them, incidentally, found the penny tram-ride by far the simplest means of transport.

St. John's Church was packed to capacity, but the ushers—recruited from among the bride's A.T.S. colleagues and the bridegroom's fellow Cameron Highlander officer friends, who included his brother-in-law, Major Jock Stewart of Ardvorlich—coped valiantly with the situation.

The bride, who is from Aberdeenshire, is a talented young artist and has several times exhibited at Burlington House. She was given away by Major David Chetwode—deputising for her uncle, Admiral Sir George Chetwode—and looked enchanting in a dress of ivory silk taffeta, trimmed with fine old Brussels lace. There were four child attendants and two grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Susan Vaughan-Lee (the bride's sister) and Miss Wytchy Macdonald. They wore deep cream-coloured net picture frocks with wreaths of red roses in their hair to match their bouquets. The child bridesmaids—Miss Janet Orr-Ewing (the bridegroom's niece) and little Lady Susanna Montgomerie—wore similar frocks with red velvet sashes. Lady Susanna's small brother, Lord Montgomerie, and "Archie" Orr-Ewing, resplendent in kilts of their respective clan tartans, found their duties as pages a lot of fun.

Among the Guests

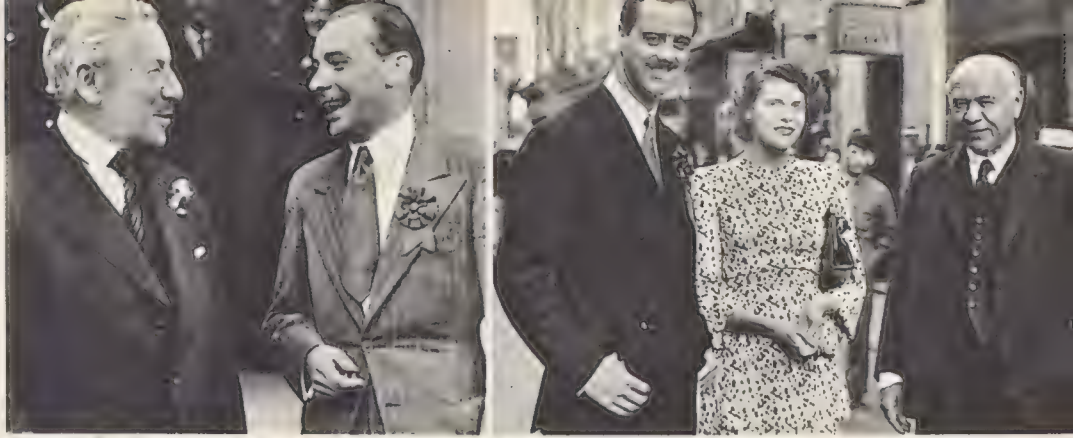
AT the reception afterwards, the Duke of A Montrose—tall and very distinguished-looking in his kilt and homespun tweed jacket—toasted the bridal pair—jokingly referring to himself as the "bridegroom's oldest uncle." With him were the Duchess of Montrose and their eldest son, the Marquess of Graham, who wore naval uniform. The Duke's sister, Lady Helen Graham, I saw talking to Lady Lucy Innes, whose husband, Mr. Thomas Innes of Learney, has just succeeded Sir Francis Grant to the historic Scottish office of Lyon King of Arms.

It was unfortunate that neither Lochiel's elder son, Donald Hamish, nor his brother, Charlie, could be at the wedding. They are both still on active service. The former is now in Austria with the Lovat Scouts. His

wife—formerly Miss Margot Gathorne-Hardy—however, came in his stead. Other "young marrieds" in evidence were Sir David Baird's youngest sister, Mrs. Lachlan Grant; the Countess of Eglinton and her soldier husband; Sir William and Lady Jardine; Lord Inverclyde's niece, Mrs. Charles Alington, who is in the W.R.N.S. (her sister, Miss Catriona Maclean of Ardgour, was there too, wearing her A.T.S. uniform); and, of course, both the bridegroom's sisters, Mrs. Jock Stewart and Mrs. Ronald Orr-Ewing.

It seemed hard to believe that only a few months ago the bridegroom was a prisoner of war in Germany. Captain Cameron, who fought under General Wavell in North Africa, was captured at the fall of Tobruk. He later escaped from an Italian prison camp, but after what he described as "seven weeks of glorious hiking," during which he covered over two hundred miles, he was recaptured close to the British lines.

(Concluded on page 56)



Liberal and Conservative Candidates Speak at Worcester Richardson, Worcester

Two rival party candidates lately visited Worcester on the same day. Lord Samuel, who came to address a meeting on behalf of Mr. James Bowker, Liberal candidate, chatted with Mr. Bowker at Worcester Guildhall

Lord Beaverbrook also addressed a meeting at Worcester in support of the Conservative candidate, G/Capt. the Hon. George Ward. Lord Beaverbrook is seen with the Hon. George and Mrs. Ward



Married in Edinburgh

Brodrick Vernon

Capt. Allan John Cameron, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, second son of Col. Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, K.T., and Lady Hermione Cameron, married Miss Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee, eldest daughter of the late Col. A. V. H. Vaughan-Lee, and of Mrs. Vaughan-Lee, of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire. The bride and bridegroom are seen with their attendants



Christening in Gloucestershire W. Dennis Moss

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Player was christened James Stephen, at St. Aldwyn Parish Church, Cirencester, recently. (Above) Sir William Goodenough, Miss E. Carless, Mrs. H. Loder, Mr. Stephen Player, Mrs. Stephen Player holding James Stephen, Mr. H. M. Astley-Bell and Master Simon Loder. (In front) Miss Karen and Master Peter Player



Large Military—Naval Wedding at the Royal Naval Barracks, Plymouth

Fitzgerald, Plymouth

Miss Ann Leatham, only daughter of the C-in-C., Admiral Sir R. Leatham, and Lady Leatham, of Admiralty House, Devonport, married Major Charles Lorne Sayers, D.C.L.I., eldest son of the late Major L. D. W. Sayers, and of Mrs. Lorne Sayers, of Alston Hall, Holbeton

The bride's father, Admiral Sir Ralph Leatham, the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Lorne Sayers, and Lady Leatham, the bride's mother, who was taking care of Susan Clay, daughter of Pay/Capt. N. Y. Clay

Lord Mildmay of Flete was with Lady Astor, whose eldest son, the Hon. W. W. Astor, recently married the Hon. Sarah Norton, Lord Grantley's only daughter



Mr. C. A. Elliott, the Headmaster of Eton, comfortably puffed at his pipe as he watched the match from the pavilion



The Winchester XI. Going Out to Field



The Headmaster of Winchester, Canon Leeson, and Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Dawnay were all enjoying themselves



G. H. Myrtle, who played for Winchester, and Brigadier and Mrs. Lake, who seem to have caught sight of someone they knew

Cricket: Eton v. Winchester

Fourth Century for the Eton Captain and Another Draw in the Annual Match



A party of four who were watching the cricket were Mrs. Rutherford, Colonel Rutherford, their son, David, and Miss Rutherford



More cricket enthusiasts were Mr. H. S. Altham, who is a housemaster at Winchester, and an excellent all-round games player; Mr. R. T. D. Hornby, Mrs. Hornby and Martin McCurrich



Captain Keeble-White, R.N., enjoyed strolling round with his wife and his son and daughter, who had plenty to say to each other



Going out to bat for Eton were C. B. Lutyens, who made 17, and the Eton captain, P. D. S. Blake, who made 103



H. E. Webb, the Winchester captain, whom Field-Marshal Montgomery promised to take on a trip back to Germany if he won the match



Field-Marshal Montgomery came down to see the match and his son, David, who is at Winchester (left), and was talking to Major-General J. Sinclair and Mrs. Chilton and her son

The annual Eton and Winchester match which was played at Eton this year, ended in a draw after a very interesting day's cricket. The Eton captain, who has made four centuries this season, made his second in successive weeks. Eton declared with 211 for four wickets. The Winchester bowler took all four of the wickets which fell for 36, while the Wykehamists' fielding was outstandingly good. Field-Marshal Montgomery flew over from Germany to see the match



Lt.-Col. Roger Lambert, Captain Ben Hoare, Major W. Lambert, Mrs. Hoare and Mr. Gerard Hoare, who were all armed with mackintoshes



Setting a good pace were A. L. Cleland, an Eton player who did not go in, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Nisbit and Mrs. P. L. Janzen



Taking a keen interest in the cricket were Mrs. Lawrence Byrne and her son, Leslie Walford



Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower was with Mrs. Finley, who is the wife of the former secretary of the M.C.C., and Mrs. Christopher Heselline



R. A. Wellesley, another Eton player who did not go in, was enjoying himself with his father and mother, Captain and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, and a friend

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FAIR beazled and metagroblised Fleet Street's brightest boys were by that Northamptonshire farmer (Ind.) who suddenly bobbed up to oppose the Prime Minister in his Essex constituency, crying "Philosophy must prevail, and one hour's work a day!" A hem ornery ole terrification that was, to be sure. It had the smart boys fair vrothered, as you might say: utterly gormed.

Down in the Hick Belt we're naturally proud of any hayseed who can hit those bouncing City slickers unexpectedly for six, yet we think the farmer didn't go far enough. His already comprehensive and mystic programme to "communistise the means of producing necessities," excluding children, the aged, the blind, and the imbecile, should include a few more Utopian snorters, we feel, rubbing our horny paws. E.g.:

1. Wash Africa thoroughly.
2. A pink sunshade for every woman over 25.
3. Abolish Summer Time, scrambled eggs, the San Francisco Conference, gold teeth, vice, Ireland, woollen underpants, the House of Lords, book-tokens, deep-sea diving, Bimetallism, the BBC, theatre programmes, frozen credits, tinned asparagus, and the Gulf Stream.
4. Bicycles for bigamists.
5. Electric telescopes: enabling every citizen over 21 to look at the moon.
6. International co-operation in co-ordinating the planning of the co-efficient of the

basic world index-figure per man-hour per foot-pound.

7. Liberty, fraternity, equality, plurality, normality, humidity, acidity, placidity, avidity, the Six-Hour Day, the Nine-Hour Week, and a Hartz Mountain canary in every home.
8. Brighter wheelbarrows.

As a matter of fact most of these benefits have been promised you mucky varmint already by most of the 1789-odd Parliamentary candidates already on the stump, but not in one grand co-ordinated whole.

Fuss

LAUGHING like a herd of prize Jerseys over the recent "illegal football-coupon" fuss, we tried, and failed, to remember exactly when a British Government first decided that gambling is immoral, except for Cabinet Ministers and the rich.

How the virtuous anti-gamble boys can ever pass the British Museum without deep shame we don't know, that improving monument having been established by the biggest of all eighteenth-century Government lotteries, run by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with one or two big Ministerial bonnets of the period. The first prize in every State lottery was round about £5000 and the entire populace had a stab at it. At that



"What do you make of her?"

time it occurred to nobody—least of all to his Grace at Lambeth—that a gamble was immoral; when Dr. Johnson wrote an essay on lotteries he merely argued that to make them a complete substitute for honest work is unmanly and foolish. However, the provincial pastor who started all the present flurry, pother and tohu-bohu over advertising football-pools in the papers and got a Court decision in his favour takes a sterner view, we gather. You find this same view quite often among moralists who employ a stockbroker.

Pioneer

ALL Madrid, we observe, is waiting to see whether the son of the great matador Belmonte will succeed in getting into the exclusive Puerta de Hierro golf-club or not.

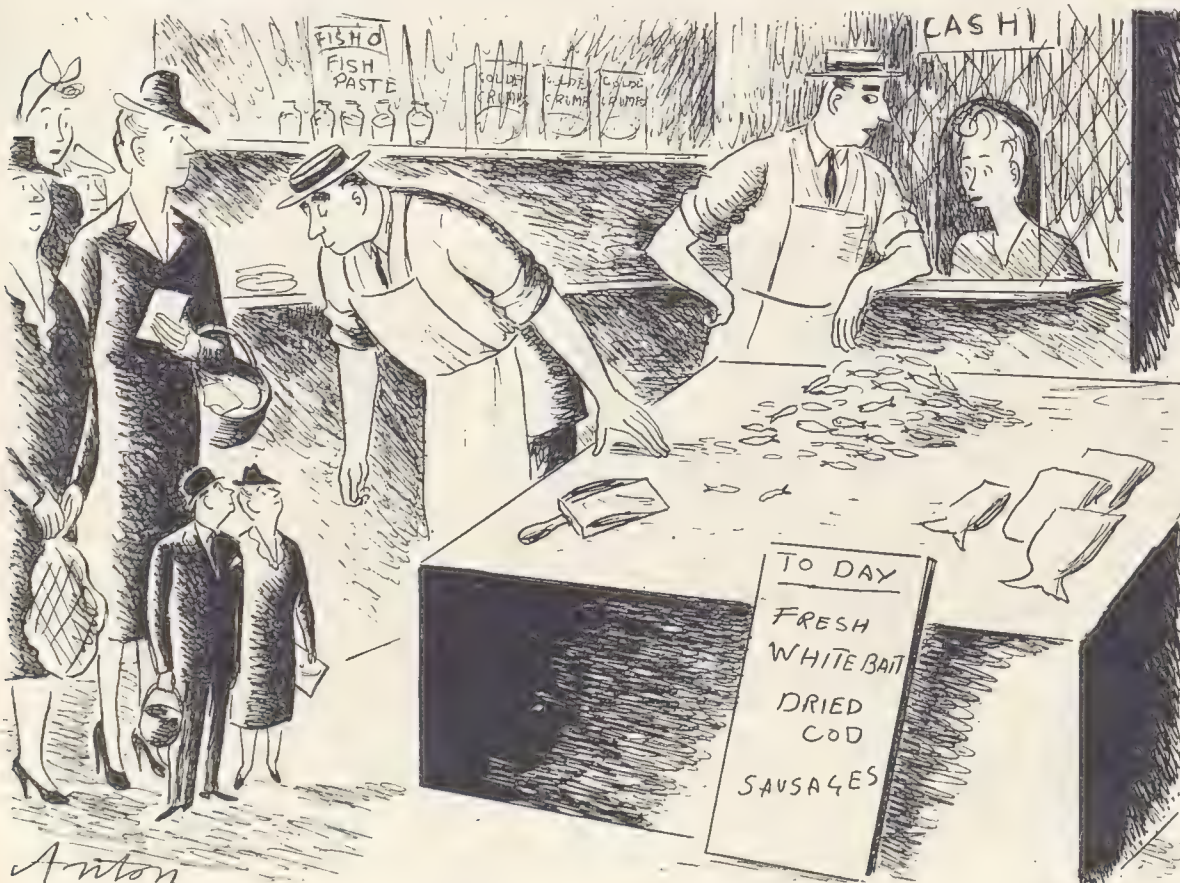
If so, it will mark a new social era, not without its repercussions on the M.C.C.

A bullfighter, though he may be rolling in money and the idol of the populace, taken up by patricians and great ladies and painted by a Goya, has no more social existence outside the arena than a Player in the presence of Gentlemen at Lord's. Nevertheless, a chap in close touch tells us, democracy is creeping into the cricket world at least. During the recent trial before the M.C.C. *Vehmgericht* of a Player accused of winking at a Gentleman's niece a tall silver-haired earl rose suddenly at the back of the justice-hall and shouted in some agitation "Stop!" The venerable peer then advanced to the judgment-seat and made the following statement:

"I have reason to believe that the accused person is my long-lost only son, the Hon. Eric Faughtaughton, if I remember his name aright—a Gentleman if ever there was one!"

A consternated buzz went round the hall. Choking back his own emotion, the earl proceeded:

(Concluded on page 46)



"They're always at the head of the queue whenever we have whitebait"



D. R. Stuart

British Empire XI. Beat the Army by Seven Wickets

The Army were beaten by 7 wickets by the British Empire XI, at Westcliff-on-Sea, with Crabtree making 116 not out. Sitting: C. J. Andreus (Hants), H. P. Crabtree (Essex), Ray Smith (Essex; captain), Dr. C. B. Clarke (West Indies), S. Squires (Surrey). Standing: E. Fletcher (umpire), N. E. Lane (Herts), C. W. Ford (Herts), R. N. Hunt (Middlesex), F. Appleyard (Herts), H. H. West, R. M. Taylor (Essex), Capt. Driscoll (umpire), E. Hoskin (scorer)



D. R. Stuart

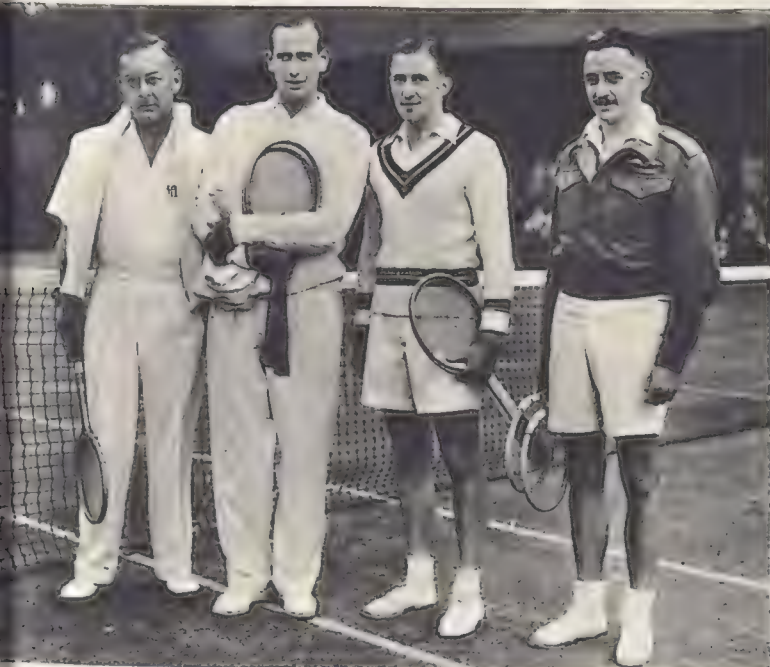
Major Earle Davies and Lt.-Col. Griffith, who has kept wicket for England in both Test Matches

Lt.-Col. J. W. A. Stephenson, R.A., was with Capt. R. H. Moore, who captains Hants this season

Sportsmen's Corner

Cricket and Tennis

Right: F/Sgt. O. W. Sidwell (Australia) and Capt. A. Henderson, U.S.A.A.F., were walking on to No. 1 Court to play their match



Lawn-Tennis Championships Played at Wimbledon Once Again

A welcome return to lawn tennis at Wimbledon took place when the British Empire met the United States in a Services international match. On the Centre Court were Sgt. G. M. Lott, S/Sgt. C. E. Hare (U.S.A.), F/O. E. R. Felan (Australia) and Capt. E. W. Sturgess (South African A.F.)

Four more players at the All-England Club for the recent international lawn-tennis match were Major P. Guernsey, Lt. R. Bobbitt (U.S.), F/Sgt. P. J. Pearson and Pte. G. Raper. Among interested spectators were H.M. Queen Mary and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent

Standing By ...

(Continued)

"Twenty years ago, on a wild winter's night, my infant child was stolen from Faughaghton Towers by gipsies! They left in exchange a child of dingy appearance and uncouth manners who, I am practically certain, was never mine. Beware lest you sentence to an awful doom the scion of an ancient house, on whose left shoulder, unless my information is incorrect, you will find a birthmark shaped like a strawberry-leaf!"

The alleged Player was examined at once, the strawberry-mark discovered. Aghast at their narrow-escape from branding a Gentleman with eternal infamy, the M.C.C. judges broke into cries of abject apology as the peer and his long-lost child embraced with tears and Lord's was illuminated. The ruling now is that any Player with a strawberry-mark on his left shoulder is permitted to toy freely, within reason, with Gentlemen's female relations.

Song

EVERYBODY who was on the spot and is not a Bloomsbury parrot is aware that for one brief enchanted moment a few years ago it really did seem as if a new dawn had broken over Italy, and that Bianchi's marching-song *Giovinezza* exactly expressed a national upsurge of youth and hope and joy. Like the first ecstasy of the French Revolution, this didn't last long. What does? Anyhow, now that Bianchi has been arrested it will be interesting to see what part his song, as a song, plays in his indictment.

As political anthems go *Giovinezza* is not bad. It has a gay, ardent swing, and had it lived long enough, no doubt, it would have met the same fate as the *Marseillaise*. As Georges Duhamel said, nothing is more comic than to hear this bloodthirsty call to vengeance played at some great official Parisian reception full of smooth bourgeois personages all over stars and orders, moving amid potted palms and orchids and deprecating fuss in every shape or form. Just as comic actually is a group of typical paunchy demagogues singing "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation," every one of them sleek and shining on four square meals a day. But an old boulevardier tells us that the high peak of farcical comedy of this kind was attained a generation or so ago, when earnest Liberal audiences used to chant the Land Song, which apparently was the cat's earpads and provocative of quite disgraceful mirth among the light-minded.

Footnote

WHY something ludicrous overhangs all lyric efforts at political expression sooner or later we wouldn't know, unless it's connected with the Fall of Man. You'd think realising this would make the politician boys humble, but

does it? Time allowed for answering this and previous question, one hour.

Snag

DOWN in Devonshire the rural authorities are having trouble with skilled thatchers, who are both few and reluctant to teach their art to all and sundry, and who shall blame them? Their brother-artist Mischa Elman would see you gormed in similar circumstances, we dare guess.

Owing no doubt to the difficulty of this secret, ancient, and beautiful craft, thatching in the South makes the thatcher slightly uppish, in our experience, and apt to snarl, especially at elderly ladies in homespun gowns and hand-forged enamelled pendants carrying on Rural Industries with bright determination in the same village? Jealousy? Spiritual pride? We've never discovered. In the West they have in addition that gnawing shameful burden with which every modern Devonian bosom festers. Till quite recently Drake was loudly praised by ball-crazy sahibs with small, exquisitely-shaped ivory heads for being a dashed good sportsman over that bowls incident, but a little time ago a Staff College authority discovered that a defender's first duty is to engage an attacking force with promptitude and efficiency, and that what Drake was asking for therefore was the high



"What a perfectly delightful wheeze, Miss Parkinson"

jump. Compare (said the S.C. authority Napoleon, Foch, and Montgomery, and break off quietly.

Career

AMONG the first jokes about the recent taking-over of Biarritz Casino, among other places, for an American Army University will undoubtedly be one about a refresher-course at the Bar Basque, which is why we may as well get it over here and now, if you've no objection.

When the New Utopia is running properly in this country and Greek and Latin are abolished for ever, the authorities might do worse than provide courses in Elementary and Advanced Roulette and Baccarat and Pure Chemin-de-Fer at Continental casinos, by arrangement, awarding the final degree of D.Cr., or Doctor of Croupier. The croupier's is a highly-skilled profession and demands not only quick brainwork but absolute self-control. That faint sneer you see on those cold, impassive features never breaks into a grin or a snarl, you may have observed, nor do you ever hear that impersonal voice say: "Rouge, pair, impair, you poor dumb clucks." But that is what the croupier thinks, knowing the odds. Though enabled by an expensive education to cope in masterly fashion with balls of every conceivable size, you can't hit this wicked little ball for six. *Faites vos jeux*, my hearties (says the croupier to himself), you can't die here.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Where are you, pet? I want some money for the coalman"



"Giving the V-sign, that's surely the sign.
Though it's a trifle rude.
Playful as kittens, conquering Britons,
Members of This Happy Brood"
(Olive Wright, Ilena Sylva, Gretchen Franklin)



"Republicana! A South American State
That was nearly too late
To throw in its weight
With the side that was winning"
(Edna Wood and George Carden)



"I'm Hermionovitch!
I was found in a ditch
By dear Eric Maschwitz
When he played his balalaika out in Russia"
(Hermione Gingold as Hermionovitch)

A New Finale to an Old Favourite

A Brilliant New Twist in the
Tail for "Sweeter and Lower"

● *Exception to the rule, Britannia* adds a new note of satirical gaiety to what must surely be the most popular "intimate revue" in London. First produced by J. W. Pemberton as *Sweet and Low*, it became *Sweeter and Lower* as time went by, and now, having broken the long-run record for revue held for the past twenty-five years by *Buzz Buzz*, it is still growing in favour and looks like going on for ever

Photographs by Alexander Bender



"My ample bosom heaves with pride,
Though troubles may beset
Britannia rules the ocean wide
And there's life in the Old Girl yet!"
(Henry Kendall as Britannia)



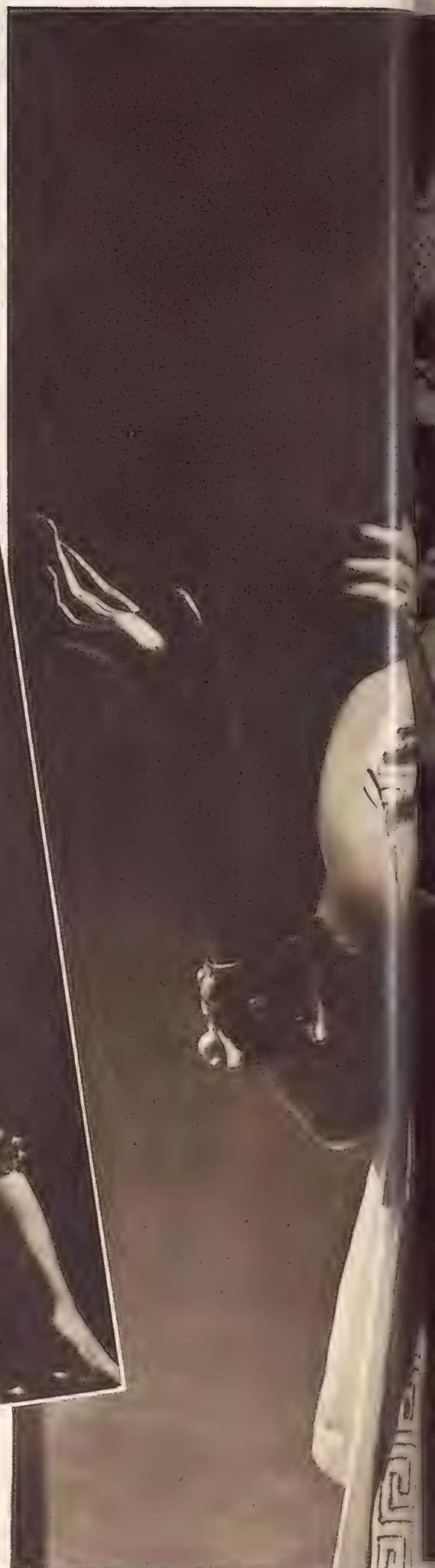
"Wiz generaux and G.I. Joes I'm busy making dates;
I charge zem on a sliding scale as circumstance dictates;
My French is getting just as good as Mr. James Agate's
(Mais oui, mais oui, Fifi!)"
(Hermione Gingold as Fifi)

Claire Luce as Cleopatra

A New Interpretation of One of Shakespeare's
Most Complex and Exciting Roles



"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, Burned on the water:
the poop was beaten gold, purple the sails . . . the oars were silver"



"Other women
she makes hungry"



appetites they feed; but
most she satisfies . . ."



"For her own person, it beggar'd all description . . . o'er
picturing that Venus where we see the fancy out-work nature"

● Claire Luce, the first American actress to be leading lady at Stratford for an entire season, is following in the steps of such illustrious women as Mrs. Langtry, Janet Achurch, Constance Collier, Edith Evans and Mary Newcomb in giving her interpretation of Cleopatra, the most complex of all female characters created by Shakespeare. *Antony and Cleopatra* was the play chosen to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday this year. The Festival opened with *Much Ado About Nothing*, in which Claire Luce appears as Beatrice, and includes revivals of *Twelfth Night* (in which Miss Luce appears as Viola) and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (in which she is Mistress Ford). Beloved of Paris audiences, a Ziegfeld star in New York and a Cochran favourite in London, Claire Luce had much varied experience of the theatre before indulging whole-heartedly in Shakespeare. It is the achievement of one of her greatest ambitions, and whilst in Stratford (where she will be till the end of the Season in September) she is staying in the old Sheep Street house where three-and-a-half centuries ago Shakespeare entertained his friends to his wedding breakfast

Photographs by Angus McBean



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pike, and Max, at Vine Farm

A Family of Four

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Willie Pike
with Their Two Small Sons at
Vine Farm, Worplesdon

● Vine Farm, Worplesdon, Surrey, has been leased from its owner, Constance Lady Russell, by Lieut.-Col. Willie Pike and his charming wife. Lieut.-Col. Pike, who until lately has been on the Continent with his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, is at present attached to the Sixth Airborne Division. He married the late Sir Cecil Hanbury's only daughter in 1939, and they have two small sons

*Photographs by
Brodrick Vernon*



Max Faces the Camera with Apprehension



Mrs. Willie Pike with Her Younger Son Robert



A Ride in the Wheelbarrow

Priscilla in Paris

A Letter from Germany

DO.A.H.—From the dormer window of the cream-painted, chintz-hung room where I am writing, this is what I see: neat little white houses with pointed, red roofs of scalloped tiles standing in gardens bright with spring flowers, green with lilac-trees on which the blossoms have only just died, and cherry-trees on which the fruit is still in hard little pea-like balls. Beyond the houses, rising to the undulating land beyond, the fields are brilliant in the sunshine till they merge into the endless, dark pine-forests. Such a peaceful scene, such peaceful sounds. The laughter of children romping in the gardens, a piano played by competent hands, the purr of cars that hoot discreetly as they take their corners.

And yet I am in Ulm, and I know that not three hundred yards from here the town is battered to ruins. Not one building remains, and only the cathedral lifts its lace-like spires to the blue sky, almost unharmed, so precise was the bombing that razed the city in sixteen awful minutes of which the inhabitants speak with bated breath. No sight or sound of a conquered city that my eyes can see or my ears hear as I write, but if I stand on tiptoe, lean well out of the window, and look down I have a bird's-eye view of an American truck that is being filled with rubbish from the back-yard of the house across the street. The dustmen that are toiling in the sunshine—without any undue haste, be it said—are German prisoners, dirty and shabby in their grimy uniforms, guarded by a ragged French boy, whose only approach to a uniform resides in his khaki forage-cap and his rifle.

What I have seen of Germany so far shows me the most amazing contrasts. The spick-and-span British and American soldiers in their battle-dress, the astonishing fantasy of the French uniforms, the shocking tatters of the F.F.I. (No doubt they glory in them . . . and who can blame them?) The smashed big towns surrounded by peaceful suburbs. The fertile land and tidy villages, with only here and there a bullet-scarred house or shell-torn roof. The placid old people who look so friendly and are so eager to be helpful. The scowling youths, Hitler's little lambs, who have not yet learned to dissimulate. The lovely, healthy children, so clean and well dressed but, nearly all, bare-footed. The German soldiers, their kit piled high on their backs, walking quietly home along the highways while, further along, one meets truck-loads of them *en route* for prison camps.

I have driven over some six thousand kilometres of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and everywhere the land is yielding the finest crops I have seen for many a season. The corn is rising around the rusty and broken remains of aeroplanes and motor-vehicles, and the fruit-trees are heavily laden. Every inch of the land is cultivated, and more than half of the labourers are manifestly town folk, unused to the work, but going at it doggedly, uncomplainingly and with pride.

These are mere impressions, of course. Things were different a fortnight ago, and will probably be different a fortnight hence. But what will never change is the Teutonic acceptance of whatever comes along, the stoicism with which they square their shoulders to the yoke. They are an amazing people. Obviously there must be many lurking behind closed shutters and hidden in hidy-holes, hating and loathing us as we hated and loathed them during the Occupation, but they certainly keep out of our way in *this* part of the country.

At night one hears shooting. Snipers are still abroad, and I confess to having slept in the ambulance till dawn rather than tackle the Black Forest pass after dark. The only open act of hostility I met with was when a twelve-year-old schoolboy marched up to the car while I was filling up and defiantly drew a Swastika in the dust on the door. I laughed at him and told him to go and play marbles. Poor kid, never have I seen such hatred in a child's eyes!

I was billeted in the house of a fifty-seven-year-old German who was in England during

1914-18 and who apparently had nothing but happy memories of his internment on the Isle of Man. This may have been mere politeness on his part, but what was obviously sincere was his detestation and condemnation of the National Socialist tyranny that embittered the lives of all middle-class Germans who refused to follow the movement when Hitler and his band of ruffians came to complete power.

His wife and two pretty daughters spoke English, and the eldest girl, a medical student at the local *krankenhaus*, showed me with great pride an album of snapshots, souvenirs of her holidays at Worthing in 1938. They were all eagerly hoping for the return of the boy who

had been fighting on the Russian front. I hope he gets back, but I was rather glad he had not yet turned up when I left Ulm, for I have yet to shake hands with a German soldier, and I'd have hated to refuse to in that friendly house.

You must not imagine from all this that I have gone all pro-German and mushy because, in a smiling and fertile corner of Southern Germany, I have met with nothing but kindly and helpful people. I had a deep and undying hatred of the Prussians and the Prussian War Machine during the Other War, and my loathing of Hitlerism and the Nazi atrocities has no polite word with which to describe it. But *blind* hatred has never got one anywhere, and if I am fair in my thoughts and my treatment of the peaceful Bavarians and Wurtembournois I have met, I shall be able to hate, with even greater intensity, that fat hypocrite Goering and all his ilk, and—oh, boy!—if only I could get him to myself for just five minutes, you'd see what I'd do to him!

PRISCILLA.



Mlle. Simone Horlin was awarded the Finnish military cross in Finland, and was decorated at the front in 1940. She has since been a prominent worker for the A.S.A. voluntary ambulance corps in Paris



Miss Meg Lemonnier is the young French-Canadian actress who is now scoring such a success in "Fallen Angels." This French version of Noel Coward's famous play is having a very successful run in Paris



Mlle. Jeanne Boitel is the charming and clever young French actress who is well known on the stage and screen. During the Résistance she was often heard broadcasting from the B.B.C. under the nom. de guerre of "Mozart"



"The Junca Girls": Magnificent Work by the A.S.A. Ambulance Corps

Baroness de Junca and Mme. Regnauld are President and Vice-President of the A.S.A. ambulance corps, which has done such magnificent work at all the bombardments around Paris during the Occupation. From April 20th to June 15th they covered some 66,000 kilometres in Normandy, and during this last month have conveyed hundreds of prisoners from Germany back to their homes

Jean Gilbert, Paris



Conservative Candidate Views Racing Stables

Sir Archibald Southby, who has been M.P. for the (C.) Epsom Division since 1928, is seen admiring one of the magnificent animals at the Epsom training establishments with Walter Nightingall, the well-known trainer, who has trained many winners for the Hon. Dorothy Paget and other owners



Pedigree Welsh Cobs at Radnor

Leading their pedigree Welsh cobs, "Eiddwen's Model" and "Cilane's Princess," and their respective colt foals, were Major the Hon. Oscar Guest, who has been M.P. for the North-West Division of Camberwell since 1935, and is an uncle of Viscount Wimborne, and the Hon. Mrs. Guest, at Blaenav Farm, Radnor

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

LOOKING at a wartime crowd at Ascot, no one with a feeling heart could help having it borne in upon him that we do not count our blessings half often enough. Uniform, the variant of battle-dress, "rat-catcher," how much more comfortable than the kit which was de rigueur exactly 234 years ago, and also than the regulation of many years later; grey busters, sponge-bag trousers, plus white spats for the hyper dressy, raiment in which some looked so well, and others so ill, especially if splay-footed. Comfort was the keynote of the 1945 gathering. It was almost like a peace-time Goodwood, where people wear anything, bar rowing shorts or "swim suits"—horrible expression! Those 234 years have witnessed a few changes. When, in 1711, Queen Anne "commanded that a race-course be prepared on Ascot Heath," and presented a Plate of 100 Guineas, which was run on August 7th of that year, you would not have been let in unless you had figged yourself out in a brilliant scarlet coat, black knee-breeches, white silk stockings with gold buckle shoes, a little black "riding" wig on your head surmounted by a low-cocked hat, and in your hand you had to carry a long "clouded" cane (Malacca probably) with an amber top. You also had to have a "perspective" glass and a little muff! Those were the orders, August weather notwithstanding. And all the Bloods and Blades of the period stood it, and no doubt carried it off very well, though some not so, just as in the shepherd's plaid-bag epoch. Only one thing seems to be certain: we shall never go back to the little black riding-wigs and the cocked hats! The course is much as it was in the days of Anne and George of Denmark, concerning whom Charles II. so rudely remarked: "I've tried him drunk: I've tried him sober,

and there's nothing in 'im!" and Viceroy Sarah, who bossed everything, the Queen and Marlborough included. The Royal Hunt Cup



"A Few More Points Over the Odds" by "The Tout"

Mr. Walter Hutchinson recently purchased "Atty" Persse's famous Stockbridge establishment. Marcus Marsh had four years as P.O.W. in Germany. He turned out Windsor Lad to win the 1934 Derby for H.H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla. Mr. "Mickey" Morris, whose father won the Derby with Manna, lives at Banstead Manor, near Newmarket. J. E. Ferguson trains with Dick Perryman, and owns a useful colt in Pandemonium. J. S. Barrington is one of R. J. Colling's patrons. Prince Aly Khan was recently at Newmarket, after several years' service abroad, to see Tehran score yet another victory. Frank More O'Ferrall helps Raymond Glendenning to broadcast big events. Wherever Michael Beary rides, Mrs. "Michael" is usually in close attendance

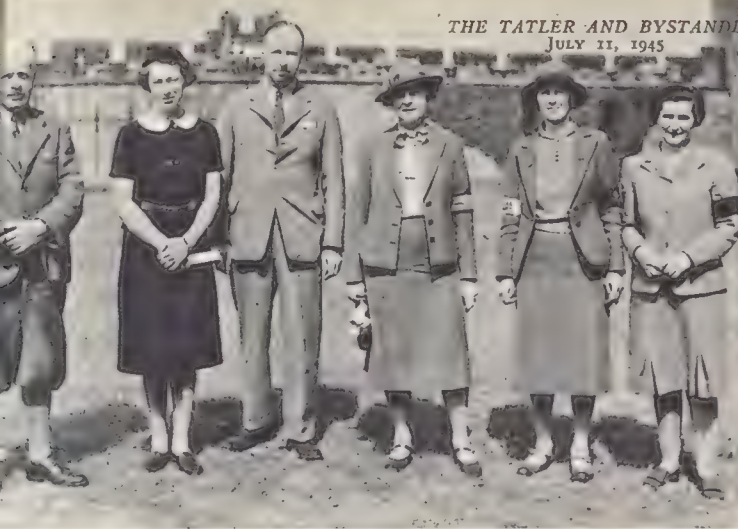
(7 furlongs 155 yards) still demands a good miler to win it, for it is against the collar all the way, and the Swinley Course is unchanged. The Royal Buckhounds kennels at Swinley, it is true, are untenanted; Tregonwell Frampton is but a ghost, and so, alas, is Gordon Carter, but I could not escape the conviction that their wraiths were rubbing shoulders (if ghosts have them) with that brave and businesslike concourse at this Mecca of all that is best in the racing world.

Barbarossa II?

It may be taken that it is recognised even by the thing called "the meanest intelligence," namely, the next form below Mortimer Snerd, that Germany's Wagnerian hero has every intention of joining the select band of Immortals, to which Friedrich I. claims to belong; for Hitler is here, Hitler is everywhere—dem'd elusive, but coming back, so his disciples say, to put Germany über alles! This is exactly the claim that Barbarossa has pegged out, so presumably the two redeemers will have either to toss for it or fight for it, and I think that my money is on the Red Beard, for he did fairly well in the Third Crusade, even though he did get drowned in the Orontes. This was in A.D. 1190, since when he has been sleeping in the Kyffhäuserberg in Thuringia. He sits at a stone table with his six knights, waiting for what he calls "the fullness of time," when he proposes to come forth from his cave and rescue Germany from bondage and put her on top of the world. His great red beard has already grown clean through the table slab, but this is not enough, for it must wind itself three times round the table before the moment for his second advent is ripe. Hitler has not even started to grow a beard, so he will have to make do with his Charlie Chaplin moustache, that is if Barbarossa will let him, which I much doubt, for Adolf is not of the Junker class and the Emperor is.

Other Starters

THERE is bound to be a bit of a scramble when either Barbarossa or Hitler starts, for there are a good many other competitors, some of them also hiding in mountains, such as the Bavarian Alps. There is Mansur (Elijah as some say), who means to obliterate Russia just as a preliminary; there is Arthur, who is somewhere in that mystic mere, whence he "gat"



Women's Land Army at Alnwick

Over 550 members of the Women's Land Army from all parts of Northumberland and gathered at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, for their County Rally. (Above) Mr. McDonald, Mrs. Clements, Mr. J. M. Craster, Countess Grey, Chairman of the W.L.A., Northumberland, Mrs. Ord and Mrs. Charlesworth



W.V.S. Canteens Handed Over to S.H.A.E.F.

Richardson

Drivers of Worcestershire W.V.S. canteens were photographed when they took their canteens to Great Missenden, Bucks, where they were handed over to S.H.A.E.F. for use overseas. (Above) Mrs. J. Woolfson, Mrs. Holland-Smith, Mrs. W. G. Shakespeare, Lady Cobham, Mrs. H. H. Robbins, Miss J. Milivard and Mrs. G. Hughes

this sword Excalibur; there is Thomas the Rhymmer, or Thomas of Ercecloun, whom I am sure, from what I was told when hunting with the Buccleuch, is still living quite improperly with the Faerie Queen in the Eildon Hills; there is Boabdil, Abu Abdullah, a very fierce Moor; there is Charlemagne, who preferred hunting the Aurochs, a seventeen hand and very fierce ox, a direct descendant of the Minotaur, as Lady Apsley has suggested, and now extant in the form of the Tsaine in the Burmese jungles; there is Sebastian of Brazil, who fell in the battle of Alcazarquebir in 1578, a most unpleasant man; there is also Theodoric, likewise Henry the Fowler, and one or two more all on the same lay, none of them very easy persons? and each and all of them fully determined to be first over the first fence. What price would, say, Mr. William Hill lay Hitler in such field?

Indian Breds

WHEN I was in the Land of Regrets we used to call them country-breds, and very good some of them were in the first generation at any rate, though not, as a rule, quite able to hold their own with the imported English and Australians. Since those days, just before the First German War, the breeding of bloodstock in India has gone far forward, and now I observe that the Royal Calcutta Turf Club is including in its next cold-weather programme a Produce Stakes of India with Rs. 50,000 (about £3,850) added money, this being more than the value

of the Viceroy's Cup used to be, namely, Rs. 30,000 to the winner, plus a £100 Cup, Rs. 10,000 to the second, and Rs. 5,000 to the third. This is a somewhat radical change, unless the Rs. 50,000 includes the place money. In Bombay the W.I.T.C. have catered for the Indian-bred animal for many years past, but I have no recent information as to how it has answered. Calcutta now appears to be converted. A new scheme is for breeders to buy brood mares in foal in this country and export them to India in time for the produce to be born in that country, and so claim qualification to run as Indian-bred. This is sailing right up in the eye of the wind. It used to be found in my time that animals bred in India from thoroughbred English and Colonial stock were good in the first generation only. The phosphates in the grass in any country are the real determining factors, and in India they are not what they are in England or Ireland. The country-bred on the general run used to be light of bone, and often too much on the leg and lacking in substance. To correct this, one bright chap thought of a Norfolk Trotter infusion, hoping that mating him with the indigenous mares would produce a good cavalry or horse gunner remount, and that it would put in the necessary bone. It did; but unhappily in the wrong spot, the head! Some of the results were just terrifying! Coffins and grand pianos were not in it with these animals' heads. Since then things have progressed, but I am still unconvinced just because of those phosphates.



R.A.F. Painter's Exhibition

S/Ldr. Bader, the fighter pilot, opened the exhibition by Aircraftman David Smith at the Cooling Galleries. S/Ldr. Bader is seen at the microphone with (right) Air Marshal Sir Norman McEwen



Johnson, Oxford

The Oxford Canning Club: Trinity Term 1945

A group of members are seen at the last meeting of Trinity Term, 1945, of this undergraduates' political club which was founded in 1861. Sitting: O. W. Olson, Major E. W. Dann, P. J. M. Froloffe, Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Dorchester, P. C. Moore, Rev. R. L. P. Milburn, M. de L. Dalglish, H. V. F. Somerset, M. A. Hooker. Standing: the Hon. E. H. K. Digby, R. F. Brown, G. A. Wheatley, P. D. Brown, J. D. Fraser, A. D. Munroe-Faure, the Hon. E. R. Palmer, J. W. Sherborne, J. Davies, D. W. J. Johnson, J. D. Cairns, D. C. Macrae Duff



D. R. Stuart

Win for Oxford Women's Cricket XI.

Oxford got Cambridge out for the record score of 22 runs, and so won the annual match themselves, declaring at 175 for 8. Sitting: P. Frodsham (St. Hugh's), V. Reichwald (St. Hilda's), J. Sharpe (captain), C. Arkell, M. Blake (St. Anne's). Standing: P. Higham (St. Hilda's), H. Hestilow (Lady Margaret Hall), I. Herbert (St. Hugh's), M. Livingstone (St. Anne's), L. Goultry (Somerville), C. Sisan (Lady Margaret Hall)

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Memory

THE attribute of *goodness*, it seems to me, is often applied to memories for the wrong reasons. One is told that A has a "good" memory because he has got one like a filing-cabinet: names, dates, and even other people's appointments come to hand in an instant. B, equally, they say, has a "good" memory because he has forgotten practically nothing that has happened since he was two years old. C, our third candidate, never forgets a birthday, or whether you do or do not smoke, dislike cats or take sugar in your coffee. By my definition, no one of these three kinds of memory is *good*. A's is useful, B's is long, and C's is a perfected social accomplishment. I cannot praise any memory for the number of facts that it contains, nor even for the arrangement of the contents. Often a tightly-packed memory is congested, making its owner phenomenally dull—the bore is one who insists on discharging his memory without regard for listener, time or place.

No; the memory that *I* should call good, is a faculty, and, in its way, an art. It is not what, or how much, they remember but *how* they remember that makes people interesting. A memory of this kind is a landscape, susceptible to changes of light. It is an element, by whose virtue not the slightest incident remains trivial; and it is a kind of editorship of life, perpetually at work, revaluing and re-grouping things. It need not be, and seldom is, categoric; but it must be truthful. Lastly, such a memory is an occupation: its happy possessor is independent; not only never boring but, better still, never bored.

Lord Berners' *A Distant Prospect* (Constable; 8s. 6d.) could not be a better example of what I mean. Here is the second volume of an autobiography (the first having been *First Childhood*) written with absolute simplicity and absence of affectation. At the first glance, that may seem merely moderate praise. But given the subject—the author's years at Eton, beginning in 1897—I hope you may understand that I indicate something rare. The result, I have sometimes thought, of our English character-building education is that almost none of its products seems able to write about it naturally. Lord Berners' recollections are as unheated as they are individual.

Boys

A COLLECTION of Eton books would, I suppose, fill shelves. *A Distant Prospect* could come into this category; but only, I think, on its secondary side. Primarily, it is a book about sensations, experiments and tentative judgments that happened to be conditioned by Eton by the author's happening to be, at the time, there. No, that is not quite enough to

say: demonstrably, the sensations were at once called up and sharpened by, and the experiments conducted in and because of, a particular environment. This is an account of a boy's going to school, and being at school: the boy is old for his age (which is one way of saying civilised), impressionable, divided between wariness and curiosity, romantically-minded, guileless, disposed to like people if it is at all possible to do so, discouraged though not unnerved by not being liked himself, an only child, artistic—and conscious of this trait in him being suspect. His antipathies, once aroused, are profound.

Into this picture Lord Berners brings no element that was not present at the time. The characters, especially the other boys, are shown as he then saw them; and are not expanded, touched up or explained in the light of subsequent knowledge of human nature. Deceptions and illusions are given for what they are worth—and at any time they are worth something. My impression is that school, almost any school, being the first entrance of the young individual into society, is a hot-bed of what one might call social

illusions—it being essential for everyone to make some impression. Also, the individual himself soon goes about wearing a semi-fictional personality, made for him (though not to fit him) by other people. It makes for peace, in the long run, not to insist on being quite oneself. Lord Berners does seem to have succeeded in being himself, at school, to a rare degree, with remarkably little conflict.

His original bugbears, the unpleasant O'Sullivan and MacBean, were acquired (how well one knows this) in the first flush of gratification at having friends at all: involuntary shock-tactics removed them. Then comes the brilliant, uncouth, dogmatic, and finally unpalatable Marston; then the graceful, ruthless and potentially heart-breaking Deniston.

But such friendships [Lord Berners says of the last] are apt to be precarious and ephemeral. Their very intensity is a danger to permanence. One has heard of lifelong friendships that have begun in early youth, but it seems to me now that perennial alliances of this kind are only possible between those whose characters never develop to any great extent, or who remain throughout their lives under the spell of youthful associations, and that real and lasting friendships can only be made when our characters are more or less formed and when we have become our own masters. The friendships of youth are too prone to fade through divergence of character and the divergence of ways.

Trial and Error

MOST friendships were made, and most pleasures shared, outside the constrictions of his unpromising house, "Oxney's."

The discovery that Oxney's was not a first-rate house did not [he says] worry me very much. It might be an advantage, I thought, to be in a house where the standard

(Concluded on page 56)



Brodrick Vernon

Lt.-Col. Philip Walker-Taylor is the well-known London surgeon and detective-story writer, who has just returned to this country after two years' war service in West Africa. He is the author of a recent best-seller, "Charter for Britain," and is seen here with his attractive actress-wife, Harriette Johns, who is playing in "Madame Louise" at the Garrick.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT is all very well being a one-man dog—so long as you're a dog.

As a symbol of a human being it too often means tragedy. Very few of us can live for years in the one-man-one-dog form of worship without courting disaster. There is something about being placed on a pedestal which undermines the average morale. Indeed, I often imagine the gods must be very lonely—up aloft without a companion of their own status. Nobody to hobnob with. Nobody to forgive, without also trying to forget them. Complete adoration may possibly be very flattering, but it is inclined to get on your nerves. Like being enveloped in everlasting incense, with the good fresh-air outside and not a breath of it in your lungs. Nobody feels the nobler for being pitter-pattered after relentlessly.

Love more often fades through being loved too much than too little. To be certain of being loved, but not too, too certain, is, strangely enough, the best recipe for faithfulness. It is a queer psychological phenomenon that quite often those who know they can bank absolutely on another's unquestioning devotion are the most likely to flirt with somebody else behind the door. They are so content and happy in their love-life that, through sheer emotional security, they allow their inclinations to wander. The jealous are never unfaithful in either thought or deed.

Therefore the one-man-one-dog heart is always to be pitied. It knows the greater glory, but also it knows the greater hurt. Yet one has to be innately very selfish not, during some period of one's life, to have known the secret suffering of the one who blindly worships. The great consolation is, however, that this stormy interlude will enrich the inner-life more than all the adulation life may bring. Just as few men

and women are psychologically adult who have never in the course of their

existence been desperately up against fate, so once to have loved not wisely but far too well adds a stature to the heart which time can never diminish. Moreover, in either case there is always this cold recompense—never again, so long as we live, can we ever be hurt so poignantly. We shall suffer, maybe, but the suffering will never be so soul-shattering. Deep within ourselves we somewhere stand on an invulnerable height. And from this unseen height we can gain the human perspective which embraces sympathy and tolerance, a readier forgiveness and a more acute understanding.

This, perhaps, explains why so often those whose life has held so much more unhappiness than happiness are renowned for their cheerfulness and humour; and why those whose life has received a blow from which outsiders can visualise no recovery show a courage and a gladness which is more inspiring than all the sermons in the world. These men and women are *adult*, as opposed to the mildewed adolescence which so often poses as grown-up. These people rarely show their tears. They refuse to indulge in the more facile emotions. The tragedy of their lives is so profound that it cannot be expressed in moans and groans. Something within them stands aloof from conventional sympathy, conventional praise or blame, commonplace disappointments and sorrows. They are not lonely, because life has taught them some hidden meaning which the mildewed adolescent can never know. And, strange as it may seem, instinctively we seek such people out to borrow something of their courage, their mysterious cheerfulness; the gift they possess of sympathy, understanding and unselfish love.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lorimer — Hughes-Onslow *Thomson, Ayrshire*

Lt. John Lorimer, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., youngest son of Surg./Cdr. and Mrs. Lorimer, of Lochgilphead, Argyllshire, married Miss Judith Hughes-Onslow, 3rd/O. W.R.N.S., second daughter of Cdr. Hughes-Onslow, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Hughes-Onslow, of Barr, Ayrshire



Riley-Smith — Foster

Sub-Lt. Frank Anthony Riley-Smith, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mr. W. Riley-Smith, Toulston, Tadcaster, Yorks., and of Mrs. C. Drabble, married Miss Angela June Foster, only daughter of the late Capt. Cecil G. Foster and of Mrs. Joan Tennant, of 49, Bryanston Square, W.1, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



McGillicuddy — Otto

Capt. John Patrick McGillicuddy, late Northamptonshire Yeomanry, son of Lt.-Col. The McGillicuddy of the Reeks, and Madame McGillicuddy, of Beaufort, County Kerry, married Miss E. M. (Betty) Otto, daughter of Major and Mrs. John F. Otto, of Astrop Grange, King's Sutton, Banbury, in London



Somerville — Payne

Lt. John A. F. Somerville, R.N., son of Admiral Sir James Somerville, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., and of Lady Somerville, Curdrige Croft, Botley, Hants., married Miss J. Elizabeth Payne, 3rd/O. W.R.N.S., daughter of Vice-Admiral C. R. Payne, C.B.E., and of Mrs. Payne, of Roehampton, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Corbett — Boyle

Swaebe

Capt. the Hon. Arthur Cameron Corbett, Ayrshire Yeomanry, eldest son of Lord and Lady Rowallan, married Miss Eleanor Mary Boyle, daughter of the late Capt. George Boyle, Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Mrs. D. C. Beaumont, and step-daughter of Dr. D. C. Beaumont, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Munthe — Rea

Swaebe

Capt. Malcolm Crane Munthe, M.C., The Gordon Highlanders, son of Dr. Axel and Mrs. Munthe, married Miss Ann Felicity Rea, 3rd/O. W.R.N.S., daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Rea, in Westminster Abbey



Watts — Wickings-Smith *Holloway, Southport*

Lt. E. Nicholas Watts, R.N., son of Sir Thomas and Lady Watts, of Southport, married Miss June Wickings-Smith, W.A.A.F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wickings-Smith, of Upper Assam, India, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Southport, Lancs.



Wheatcroft — Symington

Major Anthony J. Wheatcroft, R.E., son of Lt.-Col. C. J. Wheatcroft, and of Mrs. Wheatcroft of Yokecliffe, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, married Miss Phyllis Elizabeth Symington, F.A.N.Y., daughter of the late Mr. R. R. Symington of Winnipeg, and of Mrs. Symington, 32, Elvaston Place, S.W.7



Milln — Gurdon

Lt. Anthony David Milln, R.N., youngest son of the late Surg.-Capt. J. D. S. Milln, R.N., and of Mrs. Milln, of Alverstoke, Hants., married Miss Averil Elizabeth Gurdon, elder daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. E. T. L. Gurdon, of Burgh House, near Woodbridge, at St. Mary's, Grundisburgh, Suffolk

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

Service Candidates

EVERYONE has been busy with the election during the past few weeks, the result of which, at the time of going to press is, of course, not yet known. With the end of the war in Europe, but a war still raging in the Far East, candidates and canvassers have taken their task more seriously than ever this time. Many of them have been serving in the Forces for the past six years or longer and fully realise the great responsibilities of this country in a post-war world.

Major-General Bob Laycock, who, at a young age, was the very successful head of Combined Operations, has been contesting the Bassetlaw Division of Nottingham, where he had a very strong opponent in Captain Bellenger, the Labour candidate. General Laycock has had the help of his attractive wife—the former Angela Dudley Ward—in this campaign, in a county where her mother's family (the Birkins) are, of course, well known.

Lieut.-Colonel John Lakin, before the war an international polo player and Joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, is another soldier who has turned his energies to politics, and has greatly impressed people in the Rugby Division of Warwickshire by the splendid way he speaks. In Chelsea, Commander Allan Noble succeeded Captain Philip Sidney, V.C., who resigned on the death of his father, Commander Noble, who, like his father, Admiral Sir Percy Noble, is a sailor; has been serving with destroyers through the war and has been awarded both the D.S.O. and the D.S.C.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Earl of Ancaster's son and heir, another returned soldier, has had the valuable help of a wife who



Flag-Sellers Outside the War Office

Among the many flag-sellers who gave their services to help raise money for our ally, China, were Mrs. A. Lambert, Lady (Muriel) Peto, the Hon. Lady Egerton, Lady Peto and Lady Blackett. They shared a stall outside the War Office in Whitehall and were photographed there while on duty.

comes from a political family in his campaign. Lady Willoughby de Eresby is Viscountess Astor's only daughter. Her mother, was the first woman M.P., and has only retired at this election after holding the seat for twenty-six years. Lady Willoughby de Eresby's eldest brother, the Hon. William Astor, has again been contesting Fulham, a seat he has held for the past ten years; and a newcomer to politics in the family is her third brother, Captain the Hon. Michael Astor, who has been fighting the Eastern Division of Surrey.

First Night

THERE was an enthusiastic audience at the first night of Miss Mary Hayley Bell's new play, *Duet for Two Hands*, at the Lyric Theatre. Playing the lead is Miss Hayley Bell's husband, John Mills, who is, of course, well known to all lovers of the theatre. There were many members of the theatrical profession and the film world in the audience. Jane Carr was in a box with her husband, Mr. John Donaldson-Hudson, and two friends; David Niven was accompanied by his attractive, fair-haired wife, who is the only daughter of Lady Kathleen Rollo and a niece of the Marquess of Downshire; Ivor Maclaren talked to Cicely Courtneidge, who, full of her usual "joie de vivre," was greeting many friends in the interval, including Miss Lili Palmer, who wore an attractive black snood on her head; Phyllis Monkman wore a small white hat with her black dress; Jack Hylton, who had presented the play jointly with Jack Buchanan, was walking round the stalls talking to friends before the curtain went up; and Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth, the latter in a gaily-printed dress with little black bows in her hair, and accompanied by Mr. Eddie Tatham, were having a cool drink together in the interval on this very warm evening.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

was not too high. There was less likelihood of my being continually harassed by the idea that I was not "playing up," that I was "letting down my side." Elmdy had cured me of any desire I had to cut an heroic figure in school life. Now my aspirations were to remain as far as possible unobserved and not to be called upon to exert myself unduly in doing things for which I had neither the inclination nor the aptitude.

This aspiration was, on the whole, realised. In fact, the core of *A Distant Prospect* is the story of a solitary pursuit of those things inclination and aptitude recommended. Omar Khayyám-loving Matron, though apt to remind the author at inauspicious moments that the road did indeed wind upward all the way, gave him access to the dining-room piano. Sketching was possible, though less so than in the holidays. (Incidentally, the holiday passages, the pictures of home and family seen now as from the *outside*, with changing eyes, are excellent.) In art, in music, in literature the author's youthful taste, unforced by instruction, was left to pursue that naive and erratic course that is, I am sure, the best start for mature judgment. We learn, in the long run, from our aberrations.

I began by saying that the "how," rather than the "what" of memory is important. It is obviously easier for the reviewer to discuss *what* Lord Berners remembers than to analyse the manner in which he remembers it. Yet it is the manner—the style, the shape, the mood—of the memory that gives *A Distant Prospect* its human value and high æsthetic claim. Inevitably, the past is poetic. But Lord Berners allows no poetic distortions. Still better, nothing is overcast by mists of to-day's so facile nostalgia. He idealises nothing that was not ideal. This is a good memory.

Civvy Street

J. B. PRIESTLEY's new novel, *Three Men in New Suits* (Heinemann; J. 8s. 6d.), is the story of three men just out of the Army. It will be much discussed, and possibly quarrelled with. Admirably and masterfully written, it is as easy to read as it is, in parts, hard to swallow. I expected Mr. Priestley to have a better judgment than his three young men—surely he has had wider and longer opportunities to form one?—and I almost doubted, in places, whether he had. The number of snap judgments with which he appeared to concur—if only by not dissenting from them—rather staggered me.

Alan Strete, Herbert Kenford and Eddie Mold all come from the same part of England, have all been through the war in the same regiment, and all, the war being over, come home again at the same time. Alan is the younger son of the late Sir William Strete, of Swansford Manor; Herbert is the son of a prosperous farmer, Eddie is a quarry worker—and, he is to find, the husband of an unfaithful wife. Eddie's homecoming is tragic: the returns of Alan and Herbert are not more than inharmonious and disconcerting. As a novel, *Three Men in New Suits* suffers from the people in it all having to be cases or types, in order to give a context to the discussions that carry the message of the book. Swansford Manor and its inhabitants seemed to me unconvincing—which would not matter if the social opinions Alan promulgates were not based on the unlikely behaviour of his mother, brother and sister and their friends.

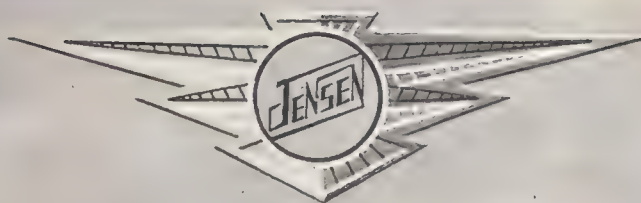
First meetings—meetings again—are devastating: too much attaches to them. There are bound to be oscillations and disappointments; they have a strained phantasmagoric quality. Any two people, if they are wise and wish to continue to love each other, do not allow any first meeting to count for too much. If they tend to do so, they should be counselled not to. Could nobody have suggested to these three, or even one of these three, young men that a little long-term tolerance, with regard to their families, would not have been too bad—and, still more, need *not* have represented seduction to the corrupt ways of the bad old world?

Ordeal

A PSYCHOLOGICAL study of a man's first three days at home, at the end of war, could make a novel of pre-eminent human value. Such a novel, Mr. Priestley is fully equipped to write. But it should, I think, include the emotions and sensations of those who are returned *to*, not only those of the returning. To be returned to is—for any but the most blockish parents, brothers, sisters and, most of all, wives—an ordeal in itself: to the effect of the ordeal on *their* behaviour justice should (I say sternly) be done. Alan, Herbert and Eddie are human enough; but Mr. Priestley has surrounded them by stock figures incapable of the most elementary reflexes. Because he has not done justice to individuals, his criticisms of society as a whole (for they are his, through the mouths of his three young men) sound to me one-sided and hollow. Without charity, and without perhaps a touch of irony, the road of human progress seems to me likely to be as arid, and inevitably as competitive, as the Brighton Road on a pre-war Sunday afternoon. Yes, this novel implies we should all learn to like each other better. But it suggests no point at which this could well begin.

Five Graves

"FIVE GRAVES AT NIJMEGEN," by Eric Baume (Batsford; 2s. 6d.), is short, but it inspires me, as the foregoing novel failed to inspire me, with a deep humility. There has been nothing, so far as I know, like the picture of this war island—the Franciscan friar, the civilians, the correspondent, the men and their tanks, the American parachutists—centring round the graves of the Guardsmen. This is prose, but little of our war poetry has risen to this height. It might claim, I suppose, to be no more than reportage.



For the motorist whose possessions express his personality

JENSEN MOTORS LIMITED

WEST BROMWICH

ENGLAND



Up the Chindits! The Burmese jungle makes stubborn going. But what's a spot of stubble—to Gillette Blades? They're used to smoothing a way through that! Gillette in battledress are still fighting in the Far East, but you'll find the Standard Gillette can take it—on the chin!

Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

Sometimes difficult to get—but always worth finding. Production still restricted.

DEWAR'S "White Label" WHISKY

-It never varies



Maximum retail prices:

25/9 per bottle ★ 13/6 half bottle

(as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association)



Dorner Cole

● The Eton and Harrow will be played at Eton again this year, instead of on the more traditional ground at Lord's, and, as always, pink carnations and blue cornflowers will compete for pride of place. These two spectators, their loyalty divided but good friends still, found the ideal outfits for the occasion—one of the last important social fixtures of the London season

ON THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ETON

BY JEAN LORIMER

● The Eton supporter chose a beautifully-tailored linen suit in fondant pink with white spots. With it, she wore a trim little peaked cap made of white petersham. Her friend is wearing a pure silk dress of crêpe-de-Chine, made in navy and cream, with a hat of coarse straw trimmed with corded ribbon. All from Marshall and Snelgrove



Please note it down now
66 Grosvenor Street

With cool, impertinent, brilliance Steiner has imposed modern decor on historic setting. The Salons are peacefully spacious, the equipment planned for comfort. There are new treatments, and more on their way. Soon

Steiner there will be no beauty treatment you would not prefer to have done at . . . Steiner's.
telephone as before . . . Mayfair 5245/6.



from the collection in the Model Gown Salon of
Cobenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1



CHESRO This model is made of
branded Tootoile, a Tootal Fabric,
Tebilized for tested crease-resistance.

CHESRO · TOOTOILE · TOOTAL · AND · TEBILIZED · ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

COUNSEL addressed the man in the dock:—
“Did you or did you not, on the day in question, or at any time previously, or subsequently, say, or even intimate to the defendant or to any one else, that the statement imputed to you, whether just or unjust, and denied by plaintiff, was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me! Did you or did you not?”

The man in the dock clutched his throat.

“Did I, or did I not what?” he gasped.

AN actress who was about to be married was receiving the congratulations of her friends.

One said to the radiant bride-to-be: “I hope you are going to be very happy, dear.”

“Of course,” she replied. “John simply adores me, and so do I.”

A COUPLE were being interviewed by a maid who explained that she left her last position because she couldn't stand the way the master and mistress were always quarrelling.

“That must have been very unpleasant,” remarked the husband.

“Yes, sir,” the girl declared, “they was at it all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her!”

A WALKER called out to a farmer on a cart: “How far is it to Gloucester?”

“Bout a mile and a half,” replied the farmer.

“Can I ride with you?”

“Certainly. Climb in!”

At the end of three-quarters of an hour the traveller asked: “How far are we from Gloucester now?”

“Bout four miles.”

“Good heavens! Why didn't you tell me we were going away from Gloucester?”

“Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go there?”

“SOMETIMES,” said the mistress to the new maid, “it will be necessary for you to help the butler upstairs.”

“I understand, madam,” replied the girl. “My father drinks a bit, too.”

PRIVATE JONES, an inveterate and invariably successful better, was such a demoralizing influence in his unit that his lieutenant, after trying unsuccessfully to end his gambling, sent him before the captain. After the interview, the lieutenant was summoned.

“I've shown Private Jones he can lose a bet,” the captain said. “I asked him why he couldn't stop betting, and he said: ‘Sir, it's a habit I can't seem to lose. Why, I'll bet you ten dollars right now you have a mole on your left shoulder.’ Well, I knew darn well I hadn't, so I took off my shirt and showed him. He admitted he had lost and paid the ten dollars. I guess that'll hold him!”

The lieutenant was so noticeably silent that the captain asked: “What's the matter? Aren't you pleased?”

“No, sir,” replied the lieutenant. “You see, on the way to your quarters Jones bet me twenty-five dollars he'd have the shirt off your back in five minutes.”

THE Almighty made women without a sense of humour so that they would love men instead of laughing at them.



Chelsea Registry Office Wedding

Miss Catherine Rosemary Ellis, a niece of Lord Howard de Walden and of Fay Countess of Norbury, was married recently to Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, the well-known actor. The bride is a sergeant-artificer in the A.T.S. and is the daughter of Mr. H. G. B. Ellis of Newcastle, Co. Down, the golfer

A CITY girl saw an advertisement for a young woman to do light housework, and applied for the job.

“I think the sea air will do me good,” she wrote adding. “Will you please say in your reply where the lighthouse is?”

A COLOURED preacher was hearing the confession of a young man. In the middle of it, he stopped the young sinner, saying: “Wait a minute, you man, wait a minute. You ain't confessin', you braggin'.”

THE GALA GALLERY OF GRACE AND GAIETY



‘IN THE WOODS’

Lancet

Like many other French painters of his day, Nicolas Lancet (1660-1743) devoted his talents to the portrayal of fashionable society in its lighter moods. A follower and admirer of Watteau he produced during his long life many hundreds of pictures reflecting the charm and gaiety of his age. Gala in our own times helps to recapture the spirit which inspired the works of Lancet and his contemporaries.



GALA LIPSTICK
REFILLS (fit almost any case) • FACIAL CREAM • POWDER





KENT
EST. 1777
ENGLAND

Best British Brushes

The
KENT-COSBY
(PATENT)

Allure

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH
It's Worth Waiting For!

PERFUME PAD
BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS
Also Men's Military Brush without Perfume feature

B. KENT & SONS LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



As in the cultured homes of bygone generations Minton China grew to such high favour, so upon the tables of that Brave New World beyond this present travail, the loveliness of Minton is assured of appreciation wherever life is lived with taste and dignity and beauty.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW



Less red tape and more

Newey's

Hooks & Eyes and Snap Fasteners

Though Government requirements have claims on our resources, public supplies are now rather more plentiful and the quality is still as always — the very best.



Newey Bros. Ltd., Brearley Street, Birmingham



BRENNER SPORTS,
65, GROSVENOR STREET, W.1.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Nooks and Crannies

DEVELOPMENT in both aircraft and motor cars is externally indicated by a reduction in the numbers of nooks and crannies. Bumplessness is the barometer of progress. The outsides of the early aircraft were a maze of joints, seams, corners, cracks, kinks, humps, blobs, ridges, dents and channels. Likewise the early motor cars were hung about with brass and ironmongery, all of it intricate in external form and presenting cascades of corners, chinks, and what a woman witness in a collision case delightfully described as "binges," meaning the kind of cross between a dent and a bend to which mud wings are particularly prone.

Progress has been marked by a perceptible movement towards the smooth external shape. And I think that British manufacturers who are working on personal aeroplanes and on new motor-car models would do well to take this as a guiding principle when problems of appearance arise.

Power-Weight

IN the matter of performance, power-weight ratio is the clue. It will have more to say in the future than it has said in the past. The motor car which "flies" up hills is, when translated into ordinary engineering language, a motor car with a good power-to-weight ratio.

So I was particularly interested to hear from Mr. Sopwith and Mr. H. K. Jones when I met them the other day, that especially good power-weight ratio is to be a feature of their new motor car. They are going to put all they have learned in the construction of aircraft and aero-engines into their new models. Those cars should, then, produce that flying feeling. But there is a snag in carrying power-weight ratio improvements too far. It has always so far been found impossible to give as comfortable a ride in a car of low all-up weight as in a car of higher all-up weight. Theoretically one ought to be able to design a springing system which would give the same ride on the same wheel-base dimensions; but it does not work out that



G/C The Duke of Hamilton and G/C D. F. McIntyre had the Freedom of the Burgh of Prestwick conferred on them recently. They are the chairman and managing director respectively of Scottish Aviation Ltd., the founders and owners of Prestwick airport. (Above) G/C the Duke of Hamilton, R. H. Dunsmore, G/C D. F. McIntyre, and Mr. John L. Jones (Town Clerk of Prestwick) at the luncheon

way in practice. So there comes a point when the motor-car designer must ask himself whether those who buy his cars will ask for yet better performance at the sacrifice of a little comfort, or whether they will prefer to sacrifice a little performance for comfort.

From what I heard from Mr. Sopwith about the new Armstrong Siddeley, it seems that a sound path has been steered between maximum performance and a rough ride, and minimum performance and a smooth ride, with, perhaps, a slight turning toward performance.

That Tax

MOTORING and personal flying activities in the immediate future, however, are going to be influenced by the amount of freedom that is allowed and by the weight of taxation, more than by the merits of the vehicles. The purchase tax on motor cars is a strong brake on buying. Sir Miles Thomas says that it will mean an addition of £90 to £100 on a 10-h.p. car. Then there is the limitation of petrol. That should not last much longer if rumours of the supplies available are true. In all these things there appears at one time or another the view that high taxation and controls of petrol supplies and other things are blessings in disguise because they prevent the roads from becoming too congested. Already the famous old-fashioned traffic jam is beginning to appear again in the streets

of London. Lilt the petrol restriction and the jams will become more frequent and bigger.

It is true that motoring today is more pleasant than it will be with greater numbers of cars are out on the roads. But that is not really a reason for restriction. It is a reason for providing roads which will meet the greater needs.

Air Congestion

THE prospects of air congestion are more remote than of road congestion. In fact, as I have hinted before, the air over the British Isles is wide and high enough to accommodate greater numbers of aircraft than are likely to be sold in several decades. But there are congestion

risks at airfields. At the moment private flying is very few airfields it can call its own. If private owners came forward in this country at the rate they are coming forward in the United States, there would be a risk of congestion at airfields.

United States manufacturers, for instance, are expected to turn out 25,000 private or personal aeroplanes during the coming year. The total number of all kinds of civil aircraft holding airworthiness certificates in this country before the war was much under 2,000. We are not likely to take to private flying with the enthusiasm of the Americans; but we ought to do what we can to encourage it. So here again the problem resolves itself not into restricting the number of people using personal aircraft—or motor cars—but into providing adequate facilities for them.

Atlantic Kipper

KIPPERS, says a news item, are now being flown across the Atlantic to America. From the Hebrides they go out in United States aircraft, being taken over by pilots who use the Lewis airport as a jumping-off point. Food of various kinds has always been a popular air cargo, but it has usually been exotic fruits and those strange dishes in which connoisseurs profess to find a especial delight. This must be the first time the kipper has been promoted to priority passage and has become a V.I.P., or Very Important Personage.

Jacqmar Printed Dress Materials

Exclusive non-topical designs on finest quality spun rayon—Patterns can not be sent as only a limited quantity is available at the "Jacqmar Shops" or direct from

Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1.

EASILY THE BEST
since the days of the Victoria

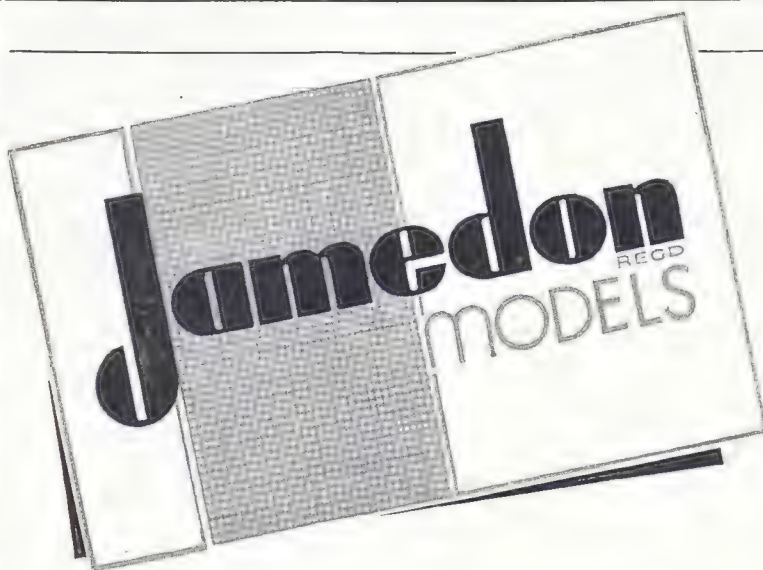


OSNATH

THE PRAM WITH THE FLOATING MOTION

The elite Baby Carriage since 1873. The demand is great, but we are doing our best to make supplies available as quickly as possible.

ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.
No. 4, OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON



LADIES' better COATS & SUITS

Obtainable at the better Shops and Stores

JAMES & GORDON LTD.

30-32 MORTIMER STREET LONDON W1



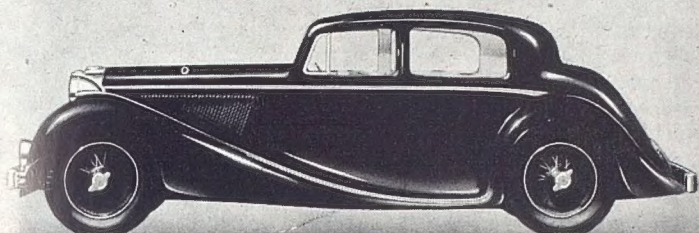
C.N.P

**English
&
Rose**

VANISHING
&
CLEANSING
CREAMS

INC. 7/6 TAX

Jaguar



*The finest car of its
class in the world*

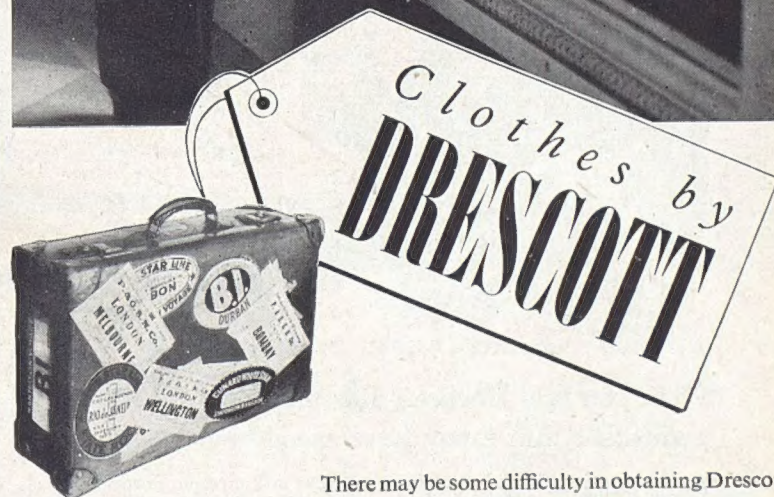


JAGUAR CARS LTD · COVENTRY
(Previously S.S. Cars, Ltd.)



**"FOUR SQUARE for me
—it's pure tobacco"**

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.
One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.



There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear. But they will repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD · DUDLEY · WORCESTERSHIRE
CV8-107



DINNER AT EIGHT

And her make-up will be fresh at midnight

How many times do you have to repair your make-up between 8 p.m. and midnight? Are your evenings out spoilt by worrying whether you are still looking your best? Even the most careful make-up will wilt if the wrong foundation is used.

Coty Foundation Cream being of the non-vanishing and

non-greasy kind, stays on the surface and creates a barrier between your powder and your pores. Your make-up cannot vanish. You can depend on Coty Foundation Cream — it's the carefree cream.

Coty
FOUNDATION CREAM
The base of make-up confidence

Clothes, Coupons and Confidence

Rationing has compelled men to take the long view. Before parting with '26 precious coupons you weigh the transaction in terms of service, of quality and of personal distinction.

Wisdom prompts you to buy from Bernard Weatherill. For, after all, personality is a valuable asset worthy of the faultless cut, exclusive materials and fine workmanship of Bernard Weatherill clothes, particularly as the price is no more than you are accustomed to pay.



Bernard Weatherill Ltd.

55, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

11, BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM
and at Aldershot, Richmond (Yorks.) and Harrogate



When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency ration issued to sailors, soldiers, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



JACOB'S
water biscuits

★ AVAILABLE ONLY WITHIN A LIMITED AREA UNTIL REMOVAL OF RESTRICTIONS



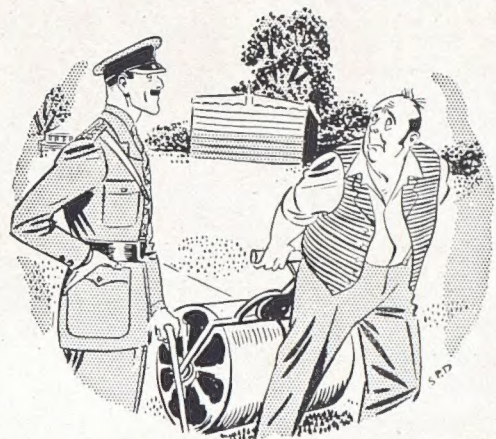
In the best (knitting) circles, appealing creations in wool are coming from nimble needles knitting with Jester Wool. In cottages and country mansions, wherever and whenever the click of number Tens or number Twelves is heard, you will also hear high praise for this brand-new brand of Wool. And no wonder, ladies! Jester Wool is lovely to look at, delightful to wear. You'll find it in shades as gay as a girl in love. You'll find it as warm as a welcome. Jester Wool is fast making a name for itself.



Remember: Jester Wool is absolutely the best you can buy and it can be had in the most attractive shades. Ask your Woolshop for the Knitting Instruction Books and

Knit the "Jester" way

The Jester Wool Company Ltd.
JESTER HOUSE • ROMAN FORUM • LEICESTER



HOME ROLL

"Tell me, Hawkins, what sins are you expiating by turning yourself into a human cart-horse?"

"Well, Mister Gerald, far be it from me to scoff, but those victory diggers played old Harry with this pitch."

"Couldn't be helped, Hawkins."

"No, Sir. So I've appointed myself honorary groundsman, and I'm trying to lick it into some sort of shape."

"That's very noble of you."

"Not at all, Sir. I look forward soon to be helping our side again."

"Yes, it'll be good to see you umpiring once more, Hawkins. And proposing the toast of our team at supper afterwards."

"Ah, Sir, those suppers! I only hope that by the time you're all back we'll be able to get a little more Rose's Lime Juice. We must be able to face the future with a straight eye and a clear bat!"

ROSE'S—There is no substitute



Tek

STILL HARD TO GET
BECAUSE IT'S
STILL THE BEST

The toothbrush
you can trust



BRISTLES... 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.
NYLON... 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.
Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON
(Gt. Britain) Limited, Slough & Gargrave

The wild romantic beauty of Northumberland; the keen invigorating moorland air; the quiet, luxurious comfort of the County Hotel... all these make a holiday of unusual charm... delightful... unforgettable.

The COUNTY HOTEL ROTHBURY
NORTHUMBERLAND

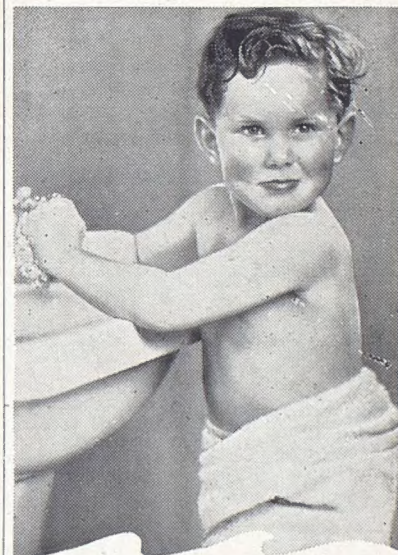
First-class service. Well cooked food.
Fully Licensed. Cocktail Lounge.
Own Gardens. H. & C. all bedrooms.
Appointed by A.A., R.A.C., and Veteran Motorists
Full particulars on application to the Managers
Telephone and Telegrams - - - Rothbury 6

KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH • ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire



Make Wright's
the 'rule' for the
Toilet and Nursery.
Kind to the
tenderest skin.

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET
ONE COUPON



Pagatelle
MAYFAIR'S LOVELIEST RESTAURANT

LUNCHEON • DINNERS • SUPPERS

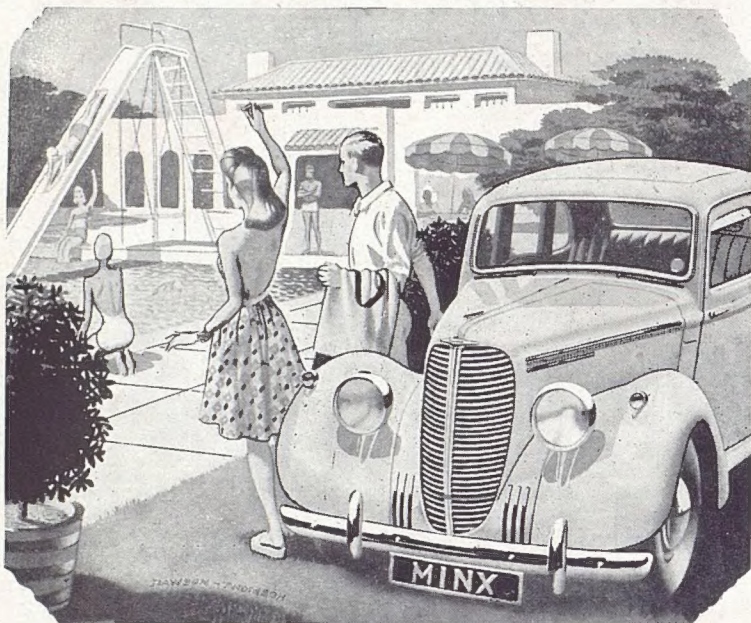
DANCING 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m.
FLOOR SHOW • CABARET 11 p.m.

Edmundo Ros and his Rumba Band
Al Tabor and his Dance Orchestra

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • MAYFAIR PLACE
BERKELEY ST. W.1 • Tel. GRO. 1128/9, 1268, 3268

F. FERRARO—GENERAL MANAGER

IT'S GOOD TO LOOK BACK...



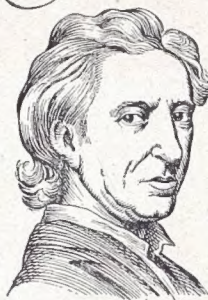
...BUT EVEN BETTER TO LOOK FORWARD

HILLMAN MINX

A
ROOTES GROUP

PRODUCT IS AN ENGINEERING JOB

Famous Diarists brought up-to-date by W. H. Smith & Son



John Evelyn

15th. Being advertised of a new romance I went amongst the book-sellers, without much expectation of finding it, but visiting the famous W. H. Smith's shop great was my good fortune when I procured a copy. Here are variety of excellent books, the shelves pretty well stored for the times. I had an opportunity

of seeing a well-chosen collection consisting much in books of entertainment, pomps, travels, histories and other works of that kind, at my full ease. There are besides many newspapers and magazines, and writing papers, pens, some mathematical instruments, etc., and divers curiosities. Indeed a great satisfaction it is that so great a country has a book-seller becoming it. I passed my time for three or four hours with much pleasure.

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.

1500 Bookshops and Bookstalls in England and Wales for all your reading and writing requirements

Head Office: Strand House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2



Vitabuoy Life-Saving OVERCOAT

ALTHOUGH, alas, we cannot for the present make any more of the wonderful VITABUOY Life-Saving Overcoats, we have a small number still in stock in large, medium and small size. Their price (including Purchase Tax) is 114/- and they require 16 clothing coupons. If you need one you should order at once before it is too late. In doing so, please quote Chest measurement and Height.



Vitabeau

R.N. and R.A.F.
RAINCOATS

SO far as we know, there are no VITABEAU Tropical-Interlined Coats available anywhere, but we still hold small stocks of R.N. and R.A.F. Officers' Raincoats and these can be obtained through the leading Service outfitters.

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone: B1Shopgate 6565

IN WAR AND PEACE WE SERVE



GWR · LMS · LNER · SR